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Notes of the Week

WE are of opinion that Mr. Lloyd George appeared to sorry disadvantage at Bedford. It is useless to endeavour to unravel the complicated skein of the arguments of a politician in difficulties. The only point in the Chancellor's speech which amused us intensely was the sympathy and respect with which he spoke of the feudal system. According to Mr. Lloyd George, the nobles who equipped and maintained forces raised amongst their retainers for the defence of the kingdom were entirely admirable. This is a valuable admission which we do not think we should have encountered unless the Chancellor had been well-nigh bankrupt of arguments to support his present case. The attack on the Duke of Bedford would not have been possible unless the present military Lord Chancellor had invented a rotten and unworkable scheme. As it is, the nobles of the present day, well aware of the burden under which they are labouring, are quitting themselves like men, and sparing neither exertion nor money to put up some sort of a defensive scheme for the country although they know that the forces which they are supporting are only toy figures with pasteboard backs.

Whilst it is impossible to withhold sympathy from driver Caudle, it is obvious that the sentence passed upon him by Mr. Justice Avory is, as the judge himself suggested, a very lenient one. We all know that a man discharging the same duties every day of his life, and without any previous mishap, is apt to assume that he is to such an extent a master of his calling that mischance may be eliminated from the situation. But there is no doubt that a very special type of man is needed for the very responsible task of running trains. This type is not always easy to find, and as we have said, may gradually deteriorate from over-belief in its own powers. To pass from driver Caudle, we think that railway companies are much to blame for starting trains, and especially express trains, on the same line within a few minutes of each other. With every regard for the extreme difficulty of arranging time-tables, we think that there can be no necessity for the adoption of a practice so dangerous. In an issue of THE ACADEMY some weeks ago we suggested a system of search-light signals, which, had it been adopted, would most probably have averted the disaster to the Liverpool express. It seems to us that laxness is the rule of the day. Companies rely upon Providence; and the men rely upon their unions. The result is death and mutilation to the travelling public.

There seems to be a total misconception in the mind of a correspondent of the current *Book Monthly* as to the objects for which public libraries are erected. "One of the aims of this public institution," he writes, "is, or, to say the least of it, ought to be, to take the loafer from the streets"; and the dear man pleads for more comfort in our libraries, more homeliness; for fires, cosy armchairs, and the provision of tea and coffee. "The plan to go on," he says, "is that of the old-time coffee-house." If he lived in London, he would know that the "loafer from the streets" is the great annoyance of all public reading-rooms; he has a habit of going to sleep with his head artfully supported by one hand, in an attitude of profound attention to the paper beneath his elbow. Perhaps this too generous Scots correspondent would like to see a band of waiters at the disposal of the loafer? To distinguish between the sleepy undesirable and the man who, though humbly clothed, and it may be not too clean, really wants to read, is not always an easy task; what would happen if the company was distributed round roaring fires, "is, or, to say the least of it, ought to be," very easy indeed to prophesy. The various positions of somnolence would form a study for an artist.

F. W. DOBSON.—In THE ACADEMY for January 1, 1910, we published an interesting letter on Richard Parkes Bonington, signed "F. W. Dobson." If the writer or any friend of his will communicate his address to Mr. John Lane, publisher, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W., Mr. Lane will be greatly obliged.

The Autumn Publishing Season

NO one who values eyesight or health can keep pace with the books which are released each spring and autumn from the durance of storehouse and printing-press; the most he can do is to read one here and there, and try to forget the existence of the books he would like to read. We select a few from the principal publishing firms that will be likely to please many tastes, and it will be understood by all readers that volumes not mentioned may be just as good and just as representative as those which are here set down.

Messrs. Macmillan, this year, have embarked upon the publication of a great "Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences," edited by Professor W. Windelband, Dr. Arnold Ruge, and, as regards the issue in this country, Sir Henry Jones. The articles are written by some of the most eminent thinkers of the day, and the first volume, on Logic, is just ready. Several recent works from this firm have already been reviewed in these columns—Stephen Graham's "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem," Dr. Gairdner's "Lollardy and the Reformation," H. G. Wells' "The Passionate Friends," "Maurice Hewlett's "Bendish," and others. It is of particular interest to admirers of the Wessex novels to note that some more short stories are collected by Mr. Hardy and issued this week, uniform with the fine "Wessex Edition"; also that another book, of the same size and appearance, "Thomas Hardy's Wessex," by Hermann Lea, is now available.

The most interesting announcement from Messrs. Constable this autumn was Mr. Thorold's "Life of Henry Labouchere," which we have recently noticed—a remarkably full record of the period. Another biography, extremely interesting from the literary side, is "The Life of Charles Eliot Norton," compiled from his letters and notebooks (21s. net). He was friendly with nearly every prominent literary personality during the last half of the nineteenth century, and the letters and reminiscences are exceptionally comprehensive. Travels and history are well represented in this list: "British Columbia in the Making," by J. B. Thornhill—a "straight talk" to would-be Colonists (5s. net); "Maximilian in Mexico," by Percy F. Martin (21s. net); "The Hapsburg Monarchy," by Wickham Steed (7s. 6d. net), and a new volume in the "Campaigns and their Lessons" series entitled "The Campaign of Liao-Yang," by Major Rowan Robinson, are some good examples. In addition to these departments Messrs. Constable have several new volumes under the heading of Technical, Scientific, and Medical Works, full particulars of which will be given on inquiry.

The second six volumes of the charming little "Fellowship Books" will be ready on November 3, from Mr. Batsford, of High Holborn, price 2s. each. The titles and authors are as follows:—"Fairies," by G. M. Faulding; "Freedom," by A. M. Freeman—a very suitable author, one would imagine; "Solitude," by Norman Gale; "A Spark Divine," by R. C. Lehmann;

"Childhood," by Alice Meynell; and "Romance," by Ernest Rhys. Those who follow up this series will possess a compact library of essays by sound writers which should serve to pass many a pleasant hour.

The Year Book Press have nearly ready "The Rise and Fall of Religions," by the author of "The Laws which Govern the Course and Destinies of Religions," a revised and extended edition, also a new work by Rev. R. Balmforth, entitled "Drama, Music-Drama, and Religion as illustrated by Wagner's 'Ring' and 'Parsifal.'"

Fiction, as usual, is a very strong point with Messrs. Methuen and Co., and with new novels by Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, "Q," Pett Ridge, and Sir Gilbert Parker—to mention a few of the best-known names—they have made a notable beginning. In books devoted to sport they also have an interesting selection. "Aviation," by A. E. Berriman, a comprehensive discussion of the principles and means of flight (10s. 6d. net); "How to Play Golf," by Harry Vardon, a sixth and cheaper edition at 2s. 6d.; "The Complete Boxer," and "The Complete Yachtsman," at 5s. and 15s. respectively, and A. E. Crawley's delightful "Book of the Ball" (5s. net), all claim the attention of ordinary Englishmen as well as specialised athletes. In Travel, Natural History, and Biography the same house has several new publications which should not be overlooked; Dr. Stanley Shaw's life of "William of Germany" is perhaps the most outstanding—a record of the German Emperor's career and of the most important events relating to his empire during the last fifty years. "The Sailors whom Nelson Led," edited by Edward Fraser (5s. net) is an attempt to describe how Nelson's sailors won their battles, in the words of officers and men who fought or who were eye-witnesses.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons specialise again on educational and commercial works. The first two parts of their "Commercial Self-Educator," to be completed in sixteen fortnightly numbers, are issued this month; each one contains a frontispiece and about 50,000 words, fully illustrated. At sevenpence this is a remarkable achievement. A new book on "Income Tax Practice," by W. E. Snelling (7s. 6d. net), treats of the subject in every conceivable detail, and will solve many difficulties inseparable from this intricate tax and its methods of administration. Books on "Practical Salesmanship," "The Economics of Telegraphs and Telephones," "Company Case Law," "Book-keeping," and many other allied themes, are all written by experts and issued at a moderate price. General literature, however, is by no means neglected; Messrs. Pitman's catalogue contains many items that will tempt the student. They issue the first full biography of Matthew Prior, poet-diplomatist, by Francis Bickley; "The Most Honourable Order of the Bath," a descriptive and historical account of this order of knighthood by the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins, M.A. (7s. 6d. net); "An Elizabethan Cardinal; William Allen," by Martin Haile (16s. net); the sole authorised English translation of "Fénélon, his Life

and Works," by the late Professor Paul Janet; and other volumes of interest which we have not space to mention.

Some valuable contributions to the present season have come from Mr. John Lane. At 5 guineas, "The Works of John Hoppner, R.A." with 50 fine plates, is supplied; 150 copies only are left of the 500 originally published by Messrs. Colnaghi—from whom Mr. Lane has taken them over. An introduction by W. Roberts brings this authoritative work thoroughly up to date. "The Beautiful Lady Craven" (25s.), "Charles Conder: His Life and Works" (21s.), "The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi to Penelope Pennington" (published this week at 16s.), "Anthony Trollope" (12s. 6d.), are other biographical volumes of note. Mr. W. J. Locke's next novel will be published by this firm in February, 1914; meanwhile "Stella Maris" is still sought after. Mr. Stephen Leacock's new book, "Behind the Beyond," should not be forgotten by those who love a good laugh; it is due this week or next.

One of the season's notable books is Mr. Le Sueur's presentation of Cecil Rhodes, published by Mr. John Murray; this we have discussed in our columns at some length. This week the well-known and interesting "Navy League Annual," appears from the Albemarle Street firm. Other volumes of various appeal are contributed by authoritative writers; "Matter, Origin, and Personality," by J. S. Haldane, M.D., F.R.S.; "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," by W. J. Bean, of Kew; "Bernadotte," by D. P. Barton; and "The History of the Royal Society of Arts," by Sir Henry Trueman Wood, are a few of the best. Many good novels are also just issued by the same house.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. announce some fine art books this autumn—"Dame Fashion," by Julius Price, and "The Art of the Great Masters," by Frederick Lees, at £2 12s. 6d. each; both of these are standard works, richly illustrated. A book on "Gems of Japanese Art and Handicraft," by G. A. Audsley, LL.D., with 66 coloured plates, is priced at eight guineas (artist's proofs, of which only 93 copies are issued) and five guineas the general copies, of which 375 are issued. In January next this firm will publish "The Camera as Historian"—a handbook to photographic record work which should be especially useful to those who wish to give the art of photography a permanent value. The price of this book, which will be the joint production of three experts, is not yet fixed, but it will not exceed six shillings.

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham have also some excellent art books. Two imaginative stories from the German—"The Shadowless Man," and "The Cold Heart," in one volume containing thirty coloured plates from the original paintings by Forster Robson, price 15s. net, will demand many purchasers. We understand that one hundred copies are bound in vellum and signed by the artist; for these a guinea will be charged. "The Loves of the Poets and the Painters," by "Le Petit Homme Rouge" (Ernest Vizetelly) is announced

at 10s. 6d., and may be depended upon for accuracy and interest. Many new novels come from the same house, and a great number of reprints in good cheap editions.

A glance at the catalogue of Messrs. Bell and Sons shows many attractive items. "Old English China," by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson, discusses the subject from the point of view of the expert, and at the same time gives the amateur valuable advice on the arrangement of a collection; it has many fine plates, and is priced at 25s. net. "Richard Wagner," by John F. Runciman, with photogravure frontispiece and other illustrations (10s. 6d. net), is a critical study of personality and achievement which all who are interested in music will like to possess. It contains a detailed examination of each of the operas, and a discussion of the characteristic features of Wagner's genius. "The Comedy of Manners," by John Palmer (10s. 6d. net); "Horace Walpole's World," by Alice Greenwood (12s. 6d. net); "Democracy in New Zealand," from the French of A. Siegfried, and "The Jews of To-day," by Dr. A. Rupp (6s. each), are some other choice publications by Messrs. Bell and Sons.

The educational value of Messrs. George Philip and Son's output is well known to all students, and especially to travellers. Among their announcements is a new revised edition—the fifteenth—of "Dues and Port Charges throughout the World," in three volumes, giving information on nearly 4,000 ports, and dealing fully with the Panama Canal. A new enlarged edition of their "Mercantile Marine Atlas," with wireless telegraphy stations added, and other fresh material, also appears. The series known as "Mackinder's Elementary Studies in Geography" is to be supplemented by a class-book dealing with our own islands, and another on "Citizenship." Atlases of history and scriptural maps are specialties of this firm, who also have various interesting geographical globes.

From Mr. Philip Lee Warner, publisher to the Medici Society, come many fine volumes. By arrangement with Messrs. Methuen, the Indian tales of F. W. Bain are to appear, two of them this season, the other eight next year. Subscriptions will be received only for sets, price £6 net, any additional volumes to be charged *pro rata*. This month "In the National Gallery" (5s. net), by Mrs. C. R. Peers, is ready; next month Volume VI of the "Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," with about 500 full-page illustrations, will be issued; the remaining four will appear quarterly. These are sold separately, at prices of 25s., 35s., and 42s., according to the *format*. In the "Handbooks to Ancient Civilisations" series, the new volume is on "Antiquities of India," by Lionel Barnett, M.A. (12s. 6d. net). Dr. Barnett is an authority on his subject, and maps and illustrations help to render the book of extreme interest.

Several noteworthy books are issued by Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co. this autumn. "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne, contains many hitherto unpublished drawings and letters, and is published at two prices,

15s. and 32s. A volume of essays and reviews by James Russell Lowell, now collected for the first time, is sure to attract attention (7s. 6d. net). "Africa in Transformation," by Norman Maclean (5s. net), is more than a mere travel-book, as the author went to South Africa representing the Churches in Scotland. "Greek Art and National Life," by S. C. Kaines Smith, M.A. (7s. 6d. net), is an attempt to show the Greek character, its genius, and the conditions under which its art was produced. Many fine boys' books are announced by this house.

Among the best books in Mr. Andrew Melrose's list is "Antarctic Days," sketches of the "homely side of Polar life" by two members of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition; this was issued in the spring, but is now repeated in a limited special edition, with the authors' autographs, at 15s. net. "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens," with 80 full-page illustrations, should find many purchasers at 25s., for the writer was a friend of R. L. Stevenson.

Mr. E. F. Benson has written a book on "Winter Sports in Switzerland," which Messrs. George Allen and Co. are publishing. Hints on skating, hockey, curling, add to its value, and it is profusely illustrated. Last week this firm issued, in two volumes at three guineas net, "Hans Holbein the Younger," by Arthur B. Chamberlain. This book, which contains a full biography and a description of every known picture by the artist, and over 250 illustrations, should become the standard work on its subject.

The Walter Scott Publishing Company has an attractive catalogue of new books. "The Story of the Flute," forming volume fourteen of the "Music Story" series, by H. M. Fitzgibbon (3s. 6d. net), will interest musicians; "Influenza," by Arthur Hopkirk, M.D. (3s. 6d.), will interest everybody. "War in Space" (3s. 6d.) is a romance of air-craft warfare, by L. Gastine. Many books on sport, and a large number of shilling editions of famous tales, come from this company.

New novels by popular authors are a feature of the list from Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Cosmo Hamilton, Richard Marsh, Netta Syrett, John Ayscough, and many other names, are a certain attraction. Other books on varied themes are to be noted. "The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry," by H. Belloc (10s. 6d. net), gives in 76 coloured panels the entire length of the famous tapestry, and the author comments on each. "My Recollections and Reflections," by Yoshio Markino (6s. net); "The Art of Nijinsky," by Geoffrey Whitworth (3s. 6d. net), both well illustrated, are two interesting and topical volumes.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack published last week a beautifully illustrated book by W. Beach Thomas and A. K. Collett, at 10s. 6d. net, entitled "Autumn and Winter." They announce the completion of the "British Bird Book," edited by F. B. Kirkman, B.A., assisted by leading ornithologists. This is in twelve sections at 10s. 6d. each, or in a more luxurious form at a higher price. Two new volumes are just out in the "Masterpieces of Music" series, "Rubinstein" and

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REVIEWS

The Continuity of the Church of England

Our National Church. By LORD ROBERT CECIL, K.C., M.P., and the REV. H. J. CLAYTON. (F. Warne and Co. 1s. net.)

THE chief object of this admirable short history of the Church of England is to maintain the continuity of the National Church from the earliest times as an independent branch of the Catholic Church of Christ. There are a large number of Englishmen belonging to the educated classes whose knowledge of the history of their own country is somewhat limited. To them it is quite a new idea to speak of the National Church of England as having existed for centuries before the Reformation period. Crudely stated, their view is something like this. That at the Reformation two discoveries were made, the Bible and Protestantism, and that, with the aid of these discoveries, a brand-new Church was established by law. Hence to talk of the continuity of the Church from Saxon times seems to them absurd.

If, say they, this continuity were a fact, we should all be Roman Catholics. But, in the first place, this view ignores the origin and meaning of the term *Roman Catholic*, a word unknown before the Reformation, and finally attached in Elizabeth's reign to those Papists and Recusants who, when England was excommunicated, persisted in acknowledging the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. The sixteenth century Reformers, while they protested against this Roman supremacy, were Catholics, who were careful to maintain the continuity of the Catholic Church of England. The reformed Catholic teaching of our Prayer Book is consonant with the Faith as taught by S. Augustine, S. Cuthbert, or the Venerable Bede. To call these men Roman Catholics is an anachronism. At their period, as is well pointed out in the book before us, "there was no Roman Catholic, or Protestant, or even Eastern, Church. Christendom was undivided. The See of Rome was indeed a very important centre of Christianity, but it had not, nor did it then claim, supremacy or lordship over the whole Church."

England's struggle against the growth and ultimate pretensions of this supremacy occupies several chapters of "Our National Church." The story is well and concisely told. No point of importance is omitted, from the resistance of kings and parliaments, and the famous statutes of independence, to the splendid disobedience of Grossteste, Bishop of Lincoln. But papal exactions continued, and, although the state of the Church declined, anti-papal feeling increased. Yet "it may truly be said that the rapacity of Rome and the degeneracy of the clergy might not have sufficed to produce the Reformation but for the Renaissance, which was a real 'new birth' of learning." Grocyn

at Oxford, Colet at S. Paul's, Warham the Primate, Henry VIII as a scholar, Wolsey as Legate, were all in sympathy with the new movement. But reformation was not carried out in the way of peace and scholarship desired by the Humanists. Henry VIII's action was political and personal. He wished to establish a Royal papacy instead of the papal supremacy, and succeeded. He had no intention of founding a new Church. Under Edward VI there was a Continental, under Mary a papal, reaction. In Elizabeth's reign, and down to Charles II, when the last revision of the Prayer Book took place, the Reformation Settlement was consolidated. But, all through, nothing can be clearer than the emphasis laid by the Elizabethan reformers and the Caroline divines on the absolute continuity of the Catholic Church of England. It is this which completely differentiates the position of the Anglican Church from that of Protestant bodies on the Continent—the modern systems of Luther and Calvin. As the authors say, "abroad there was destruction and schism, while in England there was reconstruction and preservation, continuity with the past being most carefully preserved."

The period of the sixteenth century occupies only some thirty pages, which is all too short for so important an era, even in a work which aims at brevity. The state of torpor into which the Church fell during the eighteenth century is honestly described. Then follows an account of the recovery from this sleeping-sickness, the Methodist and Evangelical revivals, and the great Tractarian movement, which led to the wonderful progress of the last fifty years. The object of this movement, which really started from John Keble's famous assize sermon at Oxford in 1833, was to guard "the doctrines, the services, and the discipline of the Church, and to maintain the Church of England as part of the Church of the Creeds—One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, with a Divine origin, and holding its commission, not from Parliament or the People, but from its founder, Christ."

The last three chapters of this history are excellent. They give a concise but trenchant account of Church Property and of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Constitution of the Church. The great merit of the book seems to us to lie in the fact that its authors have a thorough grasp of the popular and current errors and misconceptions about the Church, coupled with a positive and authoritative knowledge of its true history, which they have condensed—a most difficult task—into a short and attractive volume. One never loses interest from cover to cover. It is worth while to give a few examples of some important points noticed.

Those who are so incapable of understanding history as to say that there was no National Church of England before the Reformation may learn that the Ecclesiastical Constitution was "no system invented at the Reformation period, for it has its roots in the early history of the English Church."

The *obiter dictum* of Lord Halsbury in his "The Laws of England" is appositely quoted: "That

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portion of the Catholic Church which developed into the Church of England referred to in Magna Charta may be said to have had a continuous existence from its origin as a separate organism, and to be one with the Church of England as it now exists."

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Lieutenant Knowles was born on April 4, 1790, and he was killed on July 25, 1813, so that this year is the centenary of his death. In 1809, when only nineteen years of age, he was gazetted as Lieutenant in the Royal Lancaster Regiment of Militia, and on May 7, 1811, he was appointed Lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers, one of the most distinguished regiments in the Army. On August 21 he landed at Lisbon, and during the two years of fighting which followed, he took part in the two sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, the action at Aldea da Ponte, and the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria. He was twice wounded—first at Badajoz in the right hand, the second time at Salamanca somewhat severely, when he was hit by a musket ball in the left arm.

The letters display two qualities—family affection and the bravery of the soldier. The first is written from Bristol, whither he had journeyed to join the Lancaster Regiment. By a strange coincidence it is dated July 25th, the very day and month on which he was fated to meet his death four years later. It gives an account of his journey from Manchester, with a glimpse of the old coaching days. On joining the Royal Fusiliers at their depot at Maidstone, he writes to his father for a remittance to cover the cost of his uniform and other expenses. The tailor came in for the chief share of the spoil with a bill of £20 for a "regimental coat and wings," while six guineas were charged for the stamp on a first commission. The letter gives many curious details of an officer's requirements in the way of uniform in those days. Shortly after his arrival at Maidstone the detachment had a seven days' march to Portsmouth, and the following day the embarkation took place. But adverse winds detained the fleet at Spithead for a week, and when ultimately it reached Falmouth it was detained again for the same reason.

In the long and graphic letter dated October 7, 1811, Lieutenant Knowles gives an account of the action at Aldea da Ponte, on September 27. It was on this occasion that he received his baptism of fire. This was during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and writing on November 5, he sends his father this curious tit-bit of information:—

The French lately murdered some Spanish prisoners and they naturally retaliated by murdering some Frenchmen that fell into their hands a few days ago. They have also detected a French spy, and were so kind as to make us a present of a hind quarter, which is hung up a short distance from my billet.

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At the assault on Badajoz the Lieutenant was in command of fifty men of the Royal Fusiliers, under Major Wilson with the guards of the trenches. It was the first party to capture any portion of the defences, Fort St. Roque. In a letter to his father, dated June 19, 1812, he says:—

After considerable difficulty we succeeded in placing one ladder against the wall, about 24 feet high. A corporal of mine was the first to mount it, and he was killed at the top of it. I was the third or fourth, and when in the act of leaping off the wall into the Fort, I was knocked down by a discharge from the enemy, the handle of my sabre broke into a hundred pieces, my hand disabled. . . . Major Wilson gave me charge of the Fort, with the remains of my party.

Then followed Salamanca, where he was wounded a second time, as already mentioned. He did not wish his people to know how severe the wound was, so he simply writes: "I received a musquet ball in my left arm, but I had it cut out the same night, and I believe the bone is not injured." In a later letter he describes how scurvily John Bull treated the wounded who were left at Salamanca without the actual necessities of life.

These letters, written from the field of battle, by a fearless young officer, a mere youth, place vividly before one the horrors of war, and "show the monster as she is." Suffering bodily sickness from privations, hardships, and wounds, this young Lancashire officer dauntlessly faced the enemy at Roncesvalles, and died a glorious death for his country. His family motto was "Nec diu nec Frustra"—Not for long, and not in vain—and he acted up to it. Many brave men fell in those Napoleonic wars, but none braver than Lieutenant Knowles of the Royal Fusiliers, and whilst England breeds such sons as these she has no cause for fear.

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Catholic doctrine of the Church. If Jesus was merely "the child of His age: a Jew, a Galilean indeed in national prejudice and upbringing," and if He possessed no higher divinity than a "Son-consciousness," why trouble about the apocalyptic views, which were simply borrowed from crude current Jewish thought?

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THE keynote to this book is provided by its frontispiece, "The Author and San Remo." The author, possibly superimposed from a separate photograph, occupies nearly a third of the available space; the remainder of the plate is given up to a rather blurred

representation of what might be Bombay Harbour but for the character of the hills in the background, a glimpse of Cherbourg but for the clear atmosphere, or a North African port. It might also be San Remo—we are not prepared to dispute the point—but it is very indistinct, while the prominence and size of the author assist in rendering it doubtful. The thing that is missing is the sense of proportion, the ability to estimate value.

Here a man who admittedly made a world-tour attempts to put forward schemes for the social advancement of India, talks glibly of its castes and religions as if these things were to be conned and dismissed as are infant primers. Once upon a time, we remember, Mr. Keir Hardie attempted a similar feat in more noisy fashion, and consequently with a more disastrous result. It takes many lifetimes for a comprehension of India.

There are some piquant reflections on "crossing the Atlantic," where the author's superiority over his fellow-passengers is patent in every written line. In the United States he gives lessons to the people on how to improve their architecture and manners—we are heartily in agreement with him on the subject of spittoons and spitting—and he sums up the country by believing "that the process of socialisation will be slower here than elsewhere." American speech is, as he says, made up of "accents that hit the small words too severely, and roll the long ones far too long. A syllable never knows when it is going to be struck, and its chance of escape is slight."

Having crossed the Pacific, seen Japan, China, and India, the world-traveller turns home. We find him in the National Gallery, where "the specialisation of a leisured class in art does not appear to give satisfactory results. The buying and selling of works of art is one of the most ludicrous trades of the day. Here is Raphael's 'Ansidei Madonna,' for which a duke—who probably got it, or whose forefathers probably got it, for a mere song—is paid by a Government with a very artistic eye £70,000," and so on. Truly, the National Gallery must be an inspiring place, since it can induce such reflections as these.

Finally, there is a chapter entitled "Socialism the New Religion," which, whatever may have been the author's intent, is rather irrelevant to the rest of the text. The gospel that is preached is an old gospel, the sort that might be expected from one who dubs Mohammedanism "practically founded on Christianity." It is also an incomplete gospel, but then this is a very little book—in more ways than one. It appears to be a mass of hastily gathered impressions, flung down on paper in the same way that the author is flung across San Remo, largely, inartistically, and unconvincingly. It is as if one would solve in a minute problems that have occupied others for years, and as if, with exquisite dogmatism, that one would force his conclusions on others as settled certainties. There is some amusement to be gleaned from the book, and a modicum of geographical information—but little else.

"Come like Shadows, so Depart"

The Art of Silhouette. By DESMOND COKE. With Many Illustrations. (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who were content to sit for their portraits in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries only to the clever silhouettists must be satisfied to remain mere profiles and shadows to future generations, but they are, at least, now greatly appreciated shades whose histories are hunted up, whose charming, simple forms are restored to them, whose circumstances become the subject for the widest of hypothesis, whose survival in this form of art forms the subject of so delightful a volume as this by Mr. Coke. A book at once dithyrambic and critical, informing and gay, written with a nice literary sense which is now and then just a little too nice, and a generous and abounding vitality, not invariably to be found in works connected with the subtle art of collecting. One great achievement about this volume will be found in the fact that Mr. Coke is himself a devoted hunter after the work of the best profilists of the great period, and that he recounts to us his adventures and the knowledge he has acquired with a blithe and airy grace.

He began early. If youth but knew so much as Mr. Coke appears to have already learnt in the period which ought to have been the peach-bloom season of his undergraduate days, ah, what wonderful cabinets we should have designed for the world's delight by this time! But the writer of "The Art of the Silhouette" was not only a wise youth, but, what is so much better, a fortunate one.

We once had the misfortune to know a dashing and clever young Hebrew solicitor who liked to decorate his handsome person with pearls of price, and that sort of thing. His friends would ask him where they came from, and he always answered: "Grateful client, grateful client." Like this gentleman, Mr. Coke, too, tells us of many gifts from apparently charming people and even from "dear dealer friends"; this last is curiously lucky. We, too, have been collectors, in our simple way, and we have known dear dealers in abundance; but dear dealer friends who "present"—it is the author's word—us with just the example which is necessary to round off a series of silhouettes or, say, a set of Stuart cordial-glasses, that delightful personality has yet to come our way—he will be met, no doubt, skirting the lawns of the collectors' paradise—some day.

The original quality and advantage of Mr. Coke's book is that he shows us that he has had the experiences and many other pleasures and victories of which he tells us. As for the rest, "The Art of the Silhouette" will be a great help to those about to start on the adventure of collecting. It will inform such a one that the best of the silhouettists never touched a pair of scissors, but that gifted people like Mrs. Beetham, Rosenberg, Miers, Charles of the great period of the eighteenth century, more nearly approached the miniature-painters, and although restricting their work almost entirely to black

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and white, with delicate relief and occasional colour in the dress, produced portraits that are full of character, grace, and the subtle qualities which belong to any work worthy of the name of art.

As time passed, the productions of the profilists degenerated, only to be revived after 1825 by the accomplished A. A. C. F. Edouart, whose history makes a delightful chapter in Mr. Coke's work.

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It is true that his enthusiasm occasionally leaves us a little cold, but that is rather the fault of the eye that sees. At least, this sensation is not caused by any lack of knowledge or skill of the writer. He gives us a vivid and engaging account of silhouette collecting as he has found it.

No great thing, truly, only the shadow of a shade, but then Life's but a walking shadow. . . . And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death, and if we can enjoy such engaging trifles as the work of the profilist *en route*, we have, at least, gained one pleasure that many have let slip.

E. M.

French Gothic Architecture

Some French Cathedrals. "The Times" Series.
(John Murray. 1s. net.)

It is now generally recognised that France was the birthplace of true Gothic architecture. As Ruskin pointed out long ago it is the art, not of individual men of genius, but of whole communities of workmen united in one noble and rational purpose. Every kind of artist found a task, every variety of talent had an opportunity. Yet it needed individual genius, then as now, to produce a supreme masterpiece. The building of Gothic churches was an entirely serious art, perhaps the most serious that has ever been. Its purpose was to provide a place of worship worthy of the God to be worshipped, and the architect's problem was to design a building convenient for a worship whose ritual was already fixed, and which in its very shape should express the religious imagination of the people. But he could have done little without the great organisations that carried out and supplemented his conceptions.

The modern romantic shuts his eyes to what he hates; the Gothic artist made fun of it. His porches are full of laughter as well as awe, crowded with angels side by side with devils; his gargoyles stretching out from the parapets will have eagles perching upon them and chimæras crouching above. If he disliked rich Philistines, he carved them tormented by demons in his Last Judgment. Nowadays this peculiar Gallic ferocity is confined to the comic papers, but in the thirteenth century the Gothic artist carved his lampoons on the west front of a cathedral, and his fancy was inexhaustible.

Incidentally it may be said that one can trace in French mediæval sculpture all the influences that have moulded modern French art.

This little volume deals learnedly with four French Gothic cathedrals from the architectural point of view—Bourges, Chartres, Amiens, and Beauvais. The first, Bourges, was planned in the twelfth century, but mainly built in the thirteenth. It is the most southern of the great pure Gothic Churches, and has some wonderful sculpture of the twelfth century, and a noble out-building that was erected for the most part in the following generations, after the main body of the Cathedral; the upper part of it was once used as a prison. The great mass of Chartres Cathedral also belongs to the prime of Gothic. It was built in the thirteenth century, and during the building our Lady of Chartres worked many miracles, attracting pilgrims from far-off lands. It has much suffered from vandal restorers; in the eighteenth century they removed eight fine stained glass windows.

The Cathedral at Amiens was begun in 1220, just when the French builders were complete masters of their craft. In structure it is an advance upon earlier buildings and a natural development from them. It also has been remorselessly restored, and has lost much of its glass; nevertheless it has been called the Parthenon of French Gothic, and Ruskin has written eloquently of the richness of its sculptured porches. One can imagine the French Gothic of the prime developing without any violent change into the architecture of a noble age of reason, but at Beauvais this possibility of development was lost. The choir of the Cathedral is the climax and the splendid failure of French Gothic. True, it lasted for two centuries more, but it was defeated at Beauvais, and the Cathedral there explains why it never became a stable style and was superseded by the southern architecture of the Renaissance.

It may seem a paradox to say so, but Beauvais Cathedral was one that could not be built. The architect is said to have been Eudes de Montreuil, the favourite architect of St. Louis, and about the middle of the thirteenth century a choir was built higher than any in the world, with the slenderest supports. Twelve years after it was finished the vault fell in, making a ruin of the church, which remained in that condition for fifty years, after which some skilful repairs were undertaken. Nothing more was done until the sixteenth century, when the transepts were built, and then the architect, Jean Vast, added a spire higher than the highest of the Pyramids. He boasted that it was a greater wonder than Michelangelo's dome at St. Peter's, but it fell five years after, and the dome is still standing. The whole of the great system of buttresses has had to be braced with iron girders, and the west end, where the nave ought to begin, is boarded up like an unfinished building in any modern street. But with all its insecurity and incompleteness Beauvais Cathedral is sublime. This interesting handbook should prove useful and entertaining to all who admire Gothic architecture.

Deeds of Daring

General Sir Alex Taylor, G.C.B., R.E.: His Times, His Friends, and His Work. By A. CAMERON TAYLOR. Two vols. (Williams and Norgate. 25s. net.)

FEW of those who knew Sir Alex Taylor in his latest employment in a civil capacity as President of the Royal Indian Engineering College at Coopers Hill—now abolished—were aware of the brilliant military services he had rendered in India before, during and after the Mutiny, services which merited fuller recognition than they received. Unluckily, most of Taylor's papers were lost in a shipwreck. But his daughter has collected the surviving fragments, indented upon published history, and gathered information from friends, so that her materials have proved sufficient to fill two volumes. Before describing her father's active career, Miss Taylor has, with some labour, dwelt on such matters as his ancestry, parentage, and early life, his education in Switzerland, the history of the Punjab (where his career chiefly lay) and of the Sikhs against whom he was to fight. Soon after he reached India, in 1845, the first Sikh war broke out, in which he was prominently engaged until put *hors de combat* by small-pox. In the second war he played a conspicuous part, under Robert Napier, in the two sieges of Multan, through which he was in charge of the Engineer Park. He was extensively employed on dangerous reconnaissances, in which he revelled and distinguished himself. His love of adventure was keen, no difficulties or risks daunted him; his "prudent audacity" was highly esteemed by his Chief, who was his friend through life. At the assault of Multan he was wounded close to the elbow and was only just able to save his arm from amputation.

When Lord Dalhousie had incorporated the Punjab in British India, Taylor was appointed, again under Napier, to the executive charge of the Grand Trunk Road, under construction for both military and administrative purposes, from Lahore to Peshawar. The work was to his liking; he flung himself into it *con amore*. Hard as the task was, it had its pleasant times, week-ends in the Himalayas, shooting and feats of agility (which raise a smile) in congenial company. His exploits made him a local hero. He was the first Englishman to swim the Indus at Attock, despite its fierce whirlpools and rapids. On another occasion, many years later, and after he was married, he capped the Attock achievement by dropping down the Pünch—an unexplored and unnavigable mountain river, one long succession of cascades and rapids—in a cockleshell of wickerwork and leather. A boatman, on an inflated goat-skin, accompanied him. "Down they were carried by the rushing stream, plump over cascades, along wild rapids, through gorges ringing with the voice of many waters, always in absolute ignorance of what the next plunge, or the next twist of the stream, might reveal—what death-dealing miniature Niagara, or what boiling pool, fanged with goring rocks."

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When the siege of Delhi took place in the Mutiny, John Lawrence sent him down there; he became second-in-command of the Engineer Brigade and Directing Engineer of the siege operations, performing the actual duties of Chief Engineer at the front, as Baird Smith, the gazetted Chief, was practically confined to the camp, and latterly to his tent, through illness. Taylor was then young, in robust health, a well-known athlete, endowed with an energy and power of resource described as phenomenal. His Irish spirits were exuberant, his love of adventure was irrepressible; he loved a dangerous game, but he played it with his head, and with every intention of winning. He prepared the Plan of Attack, which received the approval of Nicholson, Baird Smith, and the General Commanding. He planned the siege batteries and had them constructed. His reconnaissances, generally conducted alone, often carried him within the enemy's outposts. Though perpetually exposed to mortal dangers, he seemed to lead a charmed life. He was selected by Nicholson to direct the main assault, and continued the engineering operations within the captured city. For his part in the great siege he will be remembered for ever by his statue, which is to be placed at Delhi. Nicholson, his companion-in-arms, has been similarly honoured at the scene of his triumph and death.

Throughout the Mutiny, Taylor had various adventures and narrow escapes—always active, always in the thick of it, whether reconnaissances, planning, or fighting. At the final siege of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell he was entrusted with the preparation of the siege train. In the attack on the Begam's Palace he fell, soon after its capture, shot through the leg a little below the knee. This incapacitated him for weeks and terminated his jumping days. When peace was restored he had three years more of strenuous work on his Road. When the Sitana fanatics gave trouble in 1863, and a small punitive expedition developed into the Ambeyla Campaign, Taylor was Chief Engineer of the Force and had great scope for his special ability in reconnaissances, plans for movements, and skill in road-construction. The situation at the burning of the enemy's capital, Malka, was perilous in the extreme. This ended his active military service, when he was thirty-eight. He had more years on his Road. At forty-five he was Chief Engineer of the Panjab, but was transferred, through the agency of his former Chief, then Lord Napier of Magdala and Commander-in-Chief in India, from the civil to the military department of Public Works. Unfortunately, he suffered from a painful affection of the eyes, which threatened blindness and compelled him to consult an eminent oculist in Europe. Thus he lost the appointment of Quartermaster-General in India which Napier offered him. On returning, with his eyesight restored, he became Deputy Inspector-General of Military Works in India and President of the Defence of India Committee, both important posts for an engineer to hold. Lord Lytton appointed him Public Works' Secretary—the red-ribbon of the Service. Suddenly he resigned everything at the

end of 1879 and went home, "evidently his presence in England was urgently needed." Before a year had passed he was established at Coopers Hill, his home for the next sixteen years, as President of the College, where a number of young men were trained for the public service of India as Engineers and Forest Officers. In this position he rendered further good service. The formal management of the college gave him little or no trouble. Having traced its general lines, he naturally left educational details in the hands of the distinguished experts who were his colleagues. But he took a very serious view of his personal responsibility for the character of the young men about to go to India. "His own personal life was based on religion." Second only to religion and character he placed the healthy body and the means of keeping "fit." Manly sports he admired, such games as demand courage, decision, and self-denial he encouraged. Briefly, his ideals were high, and, without pedantry, he inculcated them: for grit and loyalty he had a special liking. In his personal qualities there was much to admire. John Lawrence described him "as brave as a lion," Sir Richard Temple called him "as brave as a Paladin." If his daring exposed him to dangers, his resource, energy, and activity pulled him through. His career and character have been well treated by his daughter as "a labour of love." The story has been told in a spirited manner, not at all too technically for the general reader. The book is dedicated to the National Service League, to all who serve their country and are prepared to fight for her.

Shorter Reviews

The North Sea Problem. By PERCIVAL A. HISLAM. (Holden and Hardingham. 1s. net.)

MR. PERCIVAL A. HISLAM is a recognised writer on naval matters, and in this small book he puts clearly and concisely before the nation the present state of affairs. It makes the ordinary landsman who loves his country, and knows little about our first line of defence, very uncomfortable, but we recommend it to anyone who wants to understand the question. The author makes the startling statement in his preface that "it is now definitely established that at least one German dirigible (airship) has crossed to England during the night and hovered over a defenceless British dockyard." He shows that the braggadocio certain naval officers indulged in when we built our first Dreadnought did more harm than the vessel itself did good. Our triumph was momentary, and is now being whittled away. We had a panic in 1909, which gave us in that year eight Dreadnoughts to Germany's four, but the false security conveyed by that fact made us content with ten in the next two years to Germany's eight.

Finally, Mr. Hislam winds up a closely reasoned argument by declaring that the future seems to be quite

hopeless. The so-called peace of to-day is costing us every six years as much as we spent on the South African War, and he boldly adds that a successful war with Germany would cost us no more than we are now paying for "peace," and would bring in its train such a period of economy that it would quickly pay for itself. In fact, the book is the writing on the wall.

War in its modern conception, says Mahan, is business, and in the opinion of the author we have reached that stage where business seems to demand fighting. Germany declines to stop shipbuilding. Our superiority over her is no longer so unquestionable as to put the idea of war with us outside the practical range of German politics, and so long as this state of affairs is permitted to continue, so long will the prestige of the British Empire continue to decline, its power to preserve the world's peace wane, and its prospects of success in war diminish. The book is a powerful indictment of the naval policy of the present Government, but it seems impossible to rouse public opinion on the subject. People do not weigh the *pros* and *cons*. Conan Doyle, some two years ago, wrote a parable of Carthage called "The Last Galley," which ended thus:—

"And they understood too late that it is the law of heaven that the world is given to the hardy and to the self-denying, whilst he who would escape the duties of manhood will soon be stripped of the pride, the wealth, and the power which are the prizes which manhood brings."

Minds in Distress. By Dr. H. E. BRIDGER. (Methuen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE strongly recommend the non-medical reader to refrain from indulging in literature which deals with functional disease. If it is absolutely necessary that medical subjects should be studied by the layman—an unfortunate condition of morbid interest that is to be regretted—let him read articles on some such disease as pernicious anæmia. We name this more or less at random, but it will serve our purpose well, for having mastered—as far as he can—the symptoms and signs, he will then, if he think fit, have his blood examined and will find he is free from the complaint. This may cause him regret or not, according to his temporary outlook on life, but there will be no doubt about the diagnosis.

But now take the case of the reader who studies a book on hysteria and neurasthenia. If the peruser be a man he will probably have the masculine or reasoning type of mind—a term well used by Dr. Bridger—and indulge in introspection. If his mental balance is stable no harm will result, but if it is not he may conceive morbid notions of his internal economy and become a neurasthenic.

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loss of control of some function, such as the use of a limb, and a hysterical state is produced.

We like Dr. Bridger's use of the terms masculine and feminine types of mind, and in his method of treatment there are many points that commend themselves.

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One comment we must make is that the use of very long sentences has the disadvantage of confusing and tiring the reader and impeding the argument, and would not be accepted in any standard medical textbook.

Preliminary French Course. By H. J. CHAYTOR, M.A., and H. E. TRUELOVE, B.A. (W. B. Clive. 1s. 6d.)

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Love and Lovers. By ORME BALFOUR. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

THROUGHOUT some two hundred pages Mr. Orme Balfour discourses, professedly learnedly, certainly very audaciously, on what he is pleased to term "Love and Lovers." In addition to recording some of his own personal experiences in the matter of the relations of the sexes, he draws upon those confided to him by others of various ages, and the record covers the ground from the innocent affections of tiny tots to the unbridled passions of profligate men and shameless women. He has chosen a charming title, and we opened his

book with the pleasurable anticipation of reading of the love of which the poets sing, and of such types of faithful lovers as Cephalus and Procris, and Hero and Leander. But Mr. Orme Balfour evidently views love in more lights than one, and perhaps he is right, for he has the dictionary in his favour. Nevertheless, we cannot help wondering "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

A Dictionary of Classical Names for English Readers. By W. J. JEFFCOTT, B.A. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)

MR. JEFFCOTT'S dictionary should prove very useful to those studying the English poets with little or no knowledge of Latin and Greek mythology. The poets whose works are studied in secondary schools teem with allusions to the ancient fables and to events connected with the history of the ancients. It is for the pupils of those schools, who have had little or no classical training, that this work is primarily intended, but there are many others to whom it will also prove most helpful, for nowadays the classics are no longer studied to the same extent that they used to be. When the halfpenny papers allude, for instance, to Scylla and Charybdis, *à propos de bottes*, as they are wont to do, does one in a thousand of their readers understand what is meant? It is regrettable, but it is so.

The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. By PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated by LINDA VILLARI. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS work is one which it is a little difficult to criticise because it purports to compress into one volume of moderate proportions subjects which Gibbon, who was not addicted to diffuseness, could only handle in several volumes. There is no doubt about the value of the work under review, and its interest as a picture of the vicissitudes and internal and external difficulties of the Byzantine and the Italian Roman Empires. Great figures, warriors, such as Belisarius and Narses representing the Empires, and great barbarian warriors, such as Attila and Theodoric flit across the pages as the Empires are constantly the objects of attack by Goths, Visi-Goths, Ostro-Goths, Huns, and various other barbarian tribes. It is curious to observe how the Western Empire constantly fell into the hands of various barbarian tribes who held the government in defiance of the Byzantine Empire for long periods of years, as witness the prolonged reign of the Longobards. Knit with the military incidents, which afflicted the Empires, the rise of the rival religions, the Arian and the Athanasian, tended to complicate political developments. Speaking generally, the barbarians were of the Arian faith, whilst the Italians embraced the Athanasian creed. The gradual triumph of the latter led to the rise of the Papacy, and strange as it may seem, the Arian faith died down and the various barbarian tribes became subject to the influence of the Pope and the creed which

he upheld. Great Popes pass in procession before the reader, and when the book closes in the reign of Charlemagne the Papacy was firmly established owing to the devoted aid of the Franks who crushed the Arian Longobard kingdom.

It is impossible within the limits of an ordinary review to explore the mine of interesting facts and no less interesting legends which are contained in Mr. Villari's work. If occasionally the style is somewhat lacking in distinction, and the arrangement is confused, it is well to remember the extreme difficulty of the task which the author undertook; and on the whole he may be heartily commended for the manner in which he has acquitted himself of it. The translation also well deserves cordial recognition of its merit.

Fiction

Watersprings. By A. C. BENSON, C.V.O. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

MR. BENSON is an author who is no less famous for his versatility in his choice of subject than for his facile method of expressing the ideas that come so thickly to his brain. For a long period now he has been producing all manner of books that have, as a whole, been received by the public with acclamation. Many a time has he delighted us with simple stories told in the easy style that is his characteristic, and has shown clearly his consummate knowledge of the way in which men follow out unwittingly and often carelessly the workings of their fate. But we must confess just a little disappointment with this latest book of his. In it Mr. Benson traces through a gradual development the transformation of a Cambridge Don. Howard Kennedy, of Beaufort College, about forty years old, has passed the first half of his life without any of those tribulations which falls to the lot of the average man. But about the time that the book opens Howard has arrived at that period when a man naturally begins to question himself as to the *reality* of his life. He does so question himself, and is convinced of the emptiness of it all. Prompted by a cousin, he goes down into the country one "vac" to stay with an aunt of his. There he falls in love with a young girl, but inexperience prevents him from realising that the tender and inexpressible emotion he feels toward Maud is love, and when he does at length understand, it seems that he is going to be conquered in his battle by a handsome young undergraduate who is staying in her house. With mistaken chivalry Howard hangs back, until one day, meeting Maud by chance, she speaks out, and all is on the instant understood and cleared up and the two are set on the straight road whose fingerpost is happiness.

This is the bare outline of the story, but in reality the conception goes far deeper. So deep, indeed, that all the way through the book the mode of expression



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in the dialogues suggests the idea that the author is taking a side against himself in a debate on the Catholicism of religious beliefs. We are rather inclined to doubt whether "Watersprings" will add to Mr. Benson's reputation. However, he has drawn one delightful character-sketch, the voluble and kindly parson, father of Maud, the Rev. Frank Sandys, who is always thirsting after intellectual impressions, but who rambles horribly in his conversations from subject to subject and from idea to idea, at the slightest provocation, with barely a connecting-link.

The Soul of a Suffragette. By W. L. COURTNEY. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

MR. COURTNEY is one of those versatile authors who are fortunate enough to succeed in any emprise they undertake. This, his latest book, is the first time that he has produced a volume of short stories, and very good they are.

The first story, which gives the book its title, deals with the psychological question as to whether a frail militant suffragette, fighting for a cause that she barely comprehends, but for which she sets all the joys of her life aside, has wasted her life, when in captivity her strength ebbs from her and her health is broken for ever. She had a lover, but she had set her duty above her love; she fought for a principle and was broken. Was she right?

There are several good things among the "Other Stories." "The Priest in Israel" tells the piteous story of a poor vicar, a widower, isolated and lonely, lost in the solitude of a tiny and lethargic village. Gradually he gets slacker in his duties, and finds himself becoming addicted to whisky. But for his timely death, we shudder to think of the fate that might have fallen upon him. "Corentine" is the old story of "Faust" in a new setting. A young Breton girl barter her soul through the medium of a mad priest with the cruel gods who are perishing, but who ruled in Celtic lands before the advent of Christ. In exchange she asks five years' life for her delicate English lover, a man of exceptional promise. This is granted, and with him Corentine goes to England, but the climate does not suit her gay *spiritual* nature, and, being unhappy, she returns for a time to Brittany, leaving her now famous husband. There the mad priest claims her, crying that the old gods, his gods, who used to answer him, are silent now. Wherefore, to make them answer again, he slays the devoted girl as a sacrifice to the gods. The moment is magnificent in its dramatic intensity, and holds the reader spell-bound. There is also an excellent study of Herodias' daughter after John had been killed for her asking.

To our mind, this is one of the best books of short stories that we have had the fortune to obtain for some time.

For the Flag. By HORACE WYNDHAM. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)

MR. WYNDHAM deals in platitudinous people, for the officer-hero and the charming daughter of the vicar are stock figures. Equally so are the stern father, the heroine's scheming mother, the other women whom the hero ought to marry—though he does not—in order to save his father's estate, while the dear old country vicar may be said to reappear rather than to appear. When the heroine turns Red Cross nurse and goes out to Egypt, where the hero is fighting Dervishes, we know perfectly well that the soldier villain will be killed, the hero will be desperately wounded in order that his lady-love may nurse him, and the stern parent will relent. And they do—but we consider that the sentence of six weeks of unconsciousness, imposed on the gallant hero for getting wounded, is excessive. He might have been let off with a month.

The author is at his best among his plain soldier-folk, whom he sketches with an accuracy that could only come of real knowledge, and, at times, the characters are drawn with real humour. Since plots of the stereotyped kind are ever popular, this book should attain a large circulation, and its lifelike sketches of the British soldier, regrettably brief as they are, are well worth reading. Privates Wilson and Smith, discussing matrimony and beer, are worth knowing, and we would that the author had let us know them more intimately.

Set to Partners. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

MRS. DUDENEY'S latest work is distinctly a curious production. In it the author has displayed a profound knowledge of characterisation; and the tenderness, trouble, and that curious mixture of staunchness and waywardness shown by Angelina Peachey dominate the work effectively enough. The book is interesting throughout; but it possesses one especially good quality, the essence of surprise. Who, for instance, could possibly have foreseen the conclusion, when Angelina, still beautiful, supports her two lovers, with both of whom she has lived—though her standards would not permit her to marry either. And here we have the rivals at last, one paralysed, the other blind, and thus almost equally helpless: two husks of passion and love, whose bodily wants are ministered to by the exertions of Angelina—Angelina, the beautiful and mysterious, who now keeps a second-hand furniture shop and attends auctions, and chaffers and bargains! What a finale! It is at all events convincing enough from its very unexpectedness, and therefore in its way, admirable.

A Stormy Passage. By HETTIE TRAVERS. (Digby, Long, and Co. 6s.)

CERTAIN persons of importance take part in the scenes pictured in this book. Katherine Howard, Bluff Harry's penultimate wife, figures largely in the story, which treats in desultory fashion of the fortunes of Alice Woodhouse. As, in the preface, we are informed that Mistress Alice died at the age of twenty-two, we are not overmuch interested in her dolorous history. On the whole, we find the book rather too simple and sentimental, to the point of morbidity, with an unconvincing and almost unhealthy religious atmosphere.

Granting that the sixteenth century made for less complex and more strongly marked characters than those of the present day, we still decline to believe in absolute black and absolute white, such as are pictured here. The gentle author is too much in love with her sweet maidens, too strongly incensed against her scheming villains, to win much sympathy from her reader. And, by the way, most people are aware that "bruit" as a noun is equivalent to "report"—they need no asterisk nor footnote to tell them so, while paragraphs copied from Strickland's "Queens of England" and "Bright's History" are too fresh in our minds to make up an arresting story. The book as a whole is too slight, too simple, and too sentimental to attract much attention.

Where the Strange Roads Go Down. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

GERTRUDE PAGE can with all justice claim to be the prose-singer of Rhodesia, and this last work of hers deals in as interesting a fashion as its predecessors with her favourite topic. She gives us once again the atmo-

sphere of the country with an accuracy and truth which even those who have no personal acquaintance with South Africa cannot doubt. In the book under review we are shown the transplanting of a young English girl, immature and inexperienced, to the comparative wilds of Rhodesia, and the story of the pitfalls which open before her is an absorbing one. Fortunately for her, the erring bride of the well-intentioned but careless husband finds staunch friends; for there are some trusty and well-tried folk who walk "Where the Strange Roads Go Down."

Books for Boys

Ian Hardy, Naval Cadet. By COMMANDER E. HAMILTON CURREY, R.N. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 5s.)

The Crimson Aeroplane. By CHRISTOPHER BECK. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

Frank Flower. By A. B. COOPER. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

The Mystery of Markham. By WARREN BELL. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d.)

The Feats of Fozzle. By GUNBY HADATH. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d.)

The Scouts of Seal Island. By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d.)

IF we have any fault to find with Commander Hamilton Currey's latest book for boys, it is that the title is a trifle misleading; little is heard about the Navy or adventures by sea until near the end of the volume, if we except a long story told by someone other than the hero, in the middle. It might almost as well have been called "Ian Hardy, Schoolboy." However, Ian is a fine fellow, and gets into as many "scrapes" as possible, so that we feel sure the readers will not be too critical. We feared at first that the author was going to make the boy something of a prig, but this tendency towards the obvious moral lesson passed off, and Ian develops into an ordinary tough, mischievous, pugnacious youngster. Some of his escapades are very amusing—fires and floods, risks of poaching, fights and dangers in the life-boat, add their various excitements, and we leave him at last, thirteen years of age, a middy on the frigate "Astarte." He jumps overboard from his boat after a drowning sailor, and, of course, saves the man, being the hero; here the book closes, but we are promised more of his career in a book to be called "Ian Hardy, Midshipman." This will give the author wider scope, and we have not the slightest doubt that he will use it to the best advantage.

Excitement is much too mild a word to describe the story told by Mr. Christopher Beck. Races between aeroplanes, and between a monoplane and a motor-car; explosions; a wreck; an American millionaire—we might make a long list of the allurements of "The Crimson Aeroplane." Two brothers, Nat and Martin, are lucky enough to hit upon a new alloy—a metal "as light as aluminium, stronger than steel." They need,

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of course, the capital to exploit their discovery, and, at the moment when they are bemoaning their poverty, there is a storm and a wreck. Nat mounts his trusty monoplane, drops a rope from it, and rescues a man who is on a reef; he lands him safely, but smashes the machine; immediately the rescued stranger, with a "dry smile" (though every other part of him must have been very wet) proffers a cheque for the repair and damage, and, having inspected the new metal, offers to back up the brothers in their plan of building a new type of aeroplane that shall win a £50,000 prize. After this adventures of the finest brand come thickly, and we are bound to say that Mr. Beck can grip the attention of grown-up people. As for boys. . . . well, no boy will drop this book willingly until it is quite finished.

The early experiences of the hero of "Frank Flower," at school and in a London office, are more credible than his lurid adventures in cellars, as an unwilling passenger on a ship of cut-throats, in a robber's cave, and so on; but all ends well, and there are plenty of really thrilling moments for every junior reader. Boy scouts should thoroughly enjoy this story, for the principles on which young Flower always acts are thoroughly sound, and, though no offensive morals are drawn, the advantage of "straight" conduct is made obvious.

Two good school stories come next. Markham, the best cricketer and safest "miler" in Tarport College, refuses at times to play for the team, also fails to appear in the sports—even though he had promised. In all other ways there is no fault to be found with him; hence "The Mystery of Markham" arises and puzzles all the boys. It turns out that Markham was putting in all his spare time in book-keeping for a local tradesman in order to help his mother in her monetary embarrassments. With this principal plot is interwoven a clever story of a foreign spy, and the characters of the various boys are very well drawn and differentiated. The other book describes a series of escapades on the part of "Foozle," a lively youth who in various ways keeps his companions and the school in general from finding existence monotonous. Much laughter is in store for the boys who investigate "The Feats of Foozle."

Our last book, "The Scouts of Seal Island," should be read by all boy scouts. It tells of the adventures of a troop of London scouts on a small rocky island off the coast of Cornwall, and it has robbers, underground passages, a cave, a wreck, and all the necessary excitements for restless, ingenious, healthy English boys. All kinds of neat "dodges" are mentioned casually, and we fancy that it will have the effect of making any boy who is not a scout try to join some company at once; for although not all are so fortunate as to have the chance of a holiday on an island to themselves, all may have opportunities of putting into practice the fine training in handiness and alertness which is a part of the ordinary life of the capable scout. Mr. Westerman has written most interestingly, and we recommend his book to all boys.

Some Gift Books

"THE Gathering of Brother Hilarius," by Michael Fairless (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net), is now issued as a companion volume to "The Roadmender," by the same author. The illustrations by Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale are very good, and add greatly to the interest of the story and the beauty of the book. Mr. Jeffery Farnol is now well known as a writer of dandies and *grandes dames* of the past generation, and in "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 6s. net) he has again written a romance of olden days, in which he tells of the disobedient daughter who preferred the man of her heart to her father's choice for her, and of the adventures they all go through before she and her lover come into their own. The story is well written; Mr. C. E. Brock's illustrations are very apt, while the style of the book makes one wish that those novels which are worth producing could be brought out in a similar manner.

In "A Brave Endeavour" (2s. 6d.), by E. L. Haverfield; "Gentleman Jack: An Adventurer in East Africa" (2s.), by H. A. Hinkson; "Five and One" (1s. 6d.), by Agnes Theresa Holliday; "Scamp Number Two" (1s. 6d.), by A. Vaughan; "Two Holidays; or Dignity and Impudence" (2s.), by George Richmond, the S.P.C.K. has provided a varied range of good reading for boys and girls. In spite of the very nice appearance of "The Fairchild Family" (A. and C. Black. 6s.), by Mrs. Sherwood, we doubt whether children of the present day will greatly appreciate the doings of the goody-goody youngsters who figure in this story. Surely never children a century ago, or any other century, spoke in this wise:—

"Brother," answered Lucy, "we are quite ready to hear you; read away. There is nothing now to disturb you, unless you find fault with the little birds who are chirping with all their might in these trees, and those bees which are buzzing among the flowers in the grass."

"Brother," if he had been kind enough to offer to read to his sister at all, would doubtless, long before the end of this terrible sentence, have hurled a cushion at her head, being a human being even a hundred years ago.

"The Little Duke; or Richard the Fearless," by Charlotte M. Yonge (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d.), and "Liline and Her Dumb Friends," by La Baronne de Pierlot (G. Routledge and Sons. 1s.), provide historical and country stories respectively.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons in "Curly Heads and Long Legs" (3s. 6d. net) have issued a book by Edric Vredenburg, Norman Gale, and others, suitable for the smaller lad and lassie. Miss Hilda Cowham's illustrations are numerous and jolly.

"Children in Verse" (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net) consists of fifty songs of playful childhood, collected

and edited by Thomas Burke and illustrated by Honor C. Appleton. For the most part, the selection is good, and many little ones with poetic taste will doubtless commit to memory some of the easier rhymes.

Legends and Fairy Land

IT is a very good idea of the publishers to bring out books which are uniform with those of previous years; it enables the small people in time to collect a nice little series, and incidentally it ensures the purchasers dealing at the same firm of publishers annually. "The Adventures of Akbar" (Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net), by Flora Annie Steel, illustrated by Byam Shaw, is uniform with "The Four Gardens," published last year, as well as a few other volumes. The story deals with the East and the strange adventures of Prince Akbar among the snowy mountains of Kandahar and Kâbul. The illustrations are bright with all the Eastern glory of colour. "The Arabian Nights" (A. and C. Black. 6s.), illustrated in colour by Charles Folkard, contains many of the familiar old stories told in an interesting manner, together with several of lesser fame. In a short introduction Mr. Gordon Home gives an account of the history and supposed origin of the tales. In "Greek Wonder Tales" (A. and C. Black. 6s.) Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett has collected some of the traditional stories handed down from generation to generation by the unlettered folk. Although the stories are told in quite a simple manner, the foreword will require some explanation by the younger folk; for, in addition to such long English words as "prototypes," "euphemisms," "propensities," and "personification," there are also many Greek words and sentences. Mr. Edwin A. Norbury has hardly done the book justice in all the illustrations. In mythology, Greek or otherwise, it is hardly possible that anything could have existed, either in form or colour, similar to what is portrayed between pages 32 and 33. Mr. W. J. Glover has selected and turned into prose twelve stories from William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," under the title of "Tales from the Earthly Paradise" (A. and C. Black. 6s.). This is yet another attempt to make familiar to the young, books to which they may give greater attention in later years. The illustrations by Miss Isabel Bonus err rather on the side of distinct colour effects, which in the case of green are a little too pronounced.

Of "The Fairy Book" (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net) it is possible to prophesy that it will be outspread upon many nursery tables as birthdays draw near and Christmas comes round. The illustrations by Mr. Warwick Goble are beautiful in colour and excellent in design. Another beautifully illustrated book is "The Happy Prince and Other Tales," by Oscar Wilde (Duckworth and Co. 12s. 6d. net). These stories are too well known to require any description,

while the fact that the pictures bear the name of Charles Robinson is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. "Elves and Princesses" (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d.), by Bernard Darwin, consists of seven stories, all suitable for the little mystic lovers. The illustrations by J. R. Monsell are good. There is a large amount of reading matter in "The Story Box," edited by S. H. Hamer. The book, issued by Messrs. Duckworth and Co., is wonderfully cheap at the price of 3s. 6d. net, containing, as it does, stories suitable for children from seven to fourteen years of age. It is unfortunate that next to this book of exceptional value we should happen upon "Phyllis in Piskie-Land" (David Nutt. 3s. 6d. net), for the contrast in size is so great, and, even allowing for the old statement about good things and small parcels, there is, after all, something to be said in favour of a book of good appearance, particularly when intended as a gift to a child. Mr. J. Henry Harris's Cornish story, sent on its way by a foreword by "Q," is good, and well worth a brighter setting than the one allotted to it. "The Happy Testament," by Charles Loundsberry (Chatto and Windus. 1s. net), is a quaint little pamphlet, probably having no business under the heading of "Legends and Fairy-Land," for the author is very serious with regard to the different bequests he sets apart for all in turn to enjoy. Miss Rachel Marshall has entered into the spirit of the idea and supplied some dainty little illustrations.

The Theatre

"People Like Ourselves" at the Globe Theatre

THE comedy which Mr. Vansittart has written and Miss Ethel Warwick has so carefully and beautifully presented does not, unfortunately, show the untheatrical treatment of "Cap and Bells," but it is an affair to be thankful for, none the less. While an old-fashioned, made-up piece like, for example, "Diplomacy," is an immensely popular success, it is absurd to speak cavillingly of the present comedy because the author thinks fit to add something of artificial drama to the brilliancy of his wit and the lively portraits he gives of persons of the world with which we sometimes weary ourselves. As a whole, "People Like Ourselves" is an amusing *pasticcio* of light comedy, cunning drama, and gay satire.

The world may ask for something better, but we do not think it will get any play that is much more amusing just at the present time. And, then, it is cleverly and sincerely acted. Perhaps Mr. Vansittart inclines to length. Three acts of his lively work would be even better than four. Our appreciation of his scintillations gives way after a time to consideration of his

stage devices—but we do not think that should be the effect upon the general playgoer, whose point of view is not quite the same as that of the people who visit the theatre professionally.

The acting is admirable in every detail; for those who care for this agreeable art the play will be a feast of delight. As Sir Joseph Juttle and the amusing person who shares his honour and complains that she is not a lady, only the wife of a knight, Mr. Frederick Kerr and Miss Lottie Venne give us a thousand sly touches of character and the whole subtle atmosphere of the newly rich. Their son Mervyn, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, is the main cause of their troubles and their final victories. He brings a new kind of woman into their world. This is the popular actress of Gaily's Theatre who calls herself Vivienne Vavasour, a character rather obviously written to give the particular gifts of Miss Ethel Warwick every chance that the ingenuity of the playwright can bring into high relief. We have only seen Miss Warwick play four important parts, and from "Zaza" to "Cap and Bells" she has displayed an increasing purpose. As Vivienne, this lady certainly has a difficult part to represent. From her first intrusion into the house of Juttle to the final conquering curtain she is the woman she portrays, no more and no less. Perhaps in the somewhat melodramatic scene with the theatric Señor Don Fernando Laguera, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, she a little over-accentuates the effect, but that may be a characteristic of Gaily ladies, for anything most of us know. In any case, she is always very much alive, very sure in her points, often convincing beyond our expectation. She always looks beautiful and individual; the personality of Vivienne shows in her every movement and intonation.

As for the large group of society people that she brings in her train and uses as a lever to help forward her determination to aid and support her lover, they are all admirably played, from the Sir George Rawley of Mr. Ernest Mainwaring, who is admired for not having missed a single meeting at Newmarket for twenty-five years, to the curious American—transformed into the Italian Princess Torentini, Miss Hilda Antony. In fact, the play is admirably supported from beginning to end. In this respect "People Like Ourselves" is a genuine and interesting success. The plot in which love and commercial interest, the weakness of man, the wiles of woman, and the wit of the author are all given an equal chance, is rather elaborate and at moments forced. But there are no dull scenes, no pointless dialogues, nothing that does not make for a satiric and rather bitterly amusing criticism of life as it is, or may very well be. The play is charmingly mounted in three scenes, an especially interesting result being obtained in Act II, the design for which is said on the programme to have been secured by Mr. Lenygon. With such engaging backgrounds, such sincere and clever acting and so witty and interesting a play, Miss Warwick should triumph even in a period of querulous criticism and short runs.

Two New Plays by Eden Phillpotts at the Court Theatre

MISS HORNIMAN'S company has already done so many services for the art of the theatre that we approach her latest productions with that sort of gratitude which is a sense of favours to come.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has not fully grasped the quick methods of the dramatist, but his work is far more attractive and ardent than that of many who have completely mastered the technique of the stage. "Hiatus" is an admirable story and study of character, no doubt; but as a play he asks us to believe a good deal—without evidence.

We have to take for granted that *The Beacon* has been made an important journal by the literary work of a woman writer, Jane Sturt, Miss Amy Ravenscroft. We have to believe that she was the great friend of an important novelist—with all the qualities of Balzac and Meredith—and to acknowledge his greatness. We are given to understand that Jane Sturt was devoted to him both in literature and in life. She is writing his biography, among other things, but cannot discover what happened to him in the year '92, after he had separated from his wife. She is said to have asked him once or twice, and he has replied, "Hiatus."

On the day of his death, the wife of a green-grocer, Amy Prodggers, Miss Lucy Beaumont, sees the fact mentioned on *The Beacon* bills, and comes to the office to sell some letters. Miss Beaumont gives us a vivid and bold picture of a Cornish woman who was a village beauty in '92. She tells of the great novelist's devotion to her, and how little she understood or cared for it. Jane has to listen to all this: she buys the letters for fifty guineas—letters supposed to be of great literary beauty, but which no one, not even Amy, had read. These she burns as an act of piety, although, or because, they would have filled out her story of the great man's life and enabled her to make her biography perfect. The truest character is that of Amy Prodggers, but on the stage the short play is neither remarkable for its beauty nor quite worthy of credence. It suggests rather than shows an incident of some importance in a famous literary man's life—but that does not make it a very welcome one-act play.

THE SHADOW,

in a pleasant prologue and three acts, is made of sterner and more enduring stuff. It is the story of very beautiful elemental love, of bitter hate, of remorseless tragedy. The scene is a favourite one with Mr. Eden Phillpotts, a village on the edge of Dartmoor.

Hester is a lovely village girl, played with great charm and natural beauty by Miss Sybil Thorndike. She is beloved by two totally different men, the gentle young gamekeeper, Elias Waycott, Mr. Bernard Copping, and a strong and cheery butcher, Philip Blanchard, Mr. Julius Shaw. Waycott's uncle is

missing; his pony has been found dead at the bottom of a pit in the woods. We do not know, but we are told again and again by the admirably drawn village gossips, that the late Mr. Waycott—for we are told that he is dead, too—was a most hateful person, but that he was rich, and that Elias, who was on unfriendly terms with him, is his heir. Elias tells Hester of his love, but with all her kindness to him she does not return that passion. Philip's strength and gay force win her quickly. In six months these two are married, and Elias returned home from a tour round the world, and then in prison at Exeter, charged with murder of his uncle, whose body has been found by a poacher. Elias is innocent. Philip had been ill-treated by old Waycott, and, stung beyond endurance by his cruelty, he had struck him dead. He tells this to his wife, who can easily forgive such a matter, but neither can allow Elias, who is found guilty, to die. Many plans are thought of and rejected. Philip sees Elias in prison and tells him he will confess. But there is Hester, who cannot give up her passionate love for her husband. The end is tragic enough for all three, but before it is arrived at Mr. Phillpotts has given us a fine and enthralling piece of work. In their great love, both Philip and Hester become lyric with the simplicity of great natures beneath the awful strain of fate.

The superb Hester, archetype of passionate and beautiful womanhood, is made true and strong as well as deeply pathetic by Miss Sybil Thorndike. Indeed, "The Shadow" is a profound tragedy by reason of the natural and heart-rending presentation which this actress gives of the leading character. As Philip, no one could have been better than Mr. Julius Shaw; as for the rest, they are all cleverly played; but as the story develops one is glad to lose sight of these quite admirable sketches of Dartmoor life and to be left alone with Miss Thorndike's wonderful picture of a woman who has greatly loved and learned to know the irony and the terror of life.

EGAN MEW.

The Loan Exhibition of Works by William Blake at the Tate Gallery

THE Trustees and the Director are again to be commended for the present admirably selected collection of works by Blake. Not only is that collection thoroughly representative, including as it does a very large proportion of the creations upon which Blake's claims to immortality chiefly rest, but it is rendered the more complete from the point of view of the student by the inclusion of a number of books and engravings and a series of portraits. Those to whom Blake is known pre-eminently, if not solely, as a mystic may well be astonished at the versatility displayed by the artist upon the rare occasions when he departed from the methods which he made so exclusively his own. In his "Bathsheba at the Bath," for example (No. 13),

there shines through the sadly cracked surface of the little painting a delicacy and charm of manner and colouring which one commonly regards as foreign to his brush. Such charm is not altogether lacking, however, even in his more customary conceptions, as witness the "Ten Virgins" (No. 25), and, perhaps most of all amongst the examples present, "The River of Life" (No. 36). The last named is further witness to the fact that Blake, for all his predilection in favour of muddy and opaque colouring, could use a clear and transparent wash with consummate skill. But the prevailing tone of the works is, as it was bound to be, one of melancholy grandeur of mystic power, of horror and gloom.

Of the first attribute the most notable example is "Elohim creating Adam" (No. 1), an unique printed drawing. Of the second one hesitates to choose between "Satan smiting Job with sore boils" (No. 10), the "Good and Evil Angel" (No. 68), and "Antæus setting down Dante and Virgil in the Last Circle" (No. 41, XIII). The last named seems to the writer unapproachable. Of horror and gloom there is abundance. The long years of neglect and poverty and misery are everywhere reflected. In the case of many of the symbolical compositions the colour has faded almost beyond recognition, but in spite of everything the "Spiritual form of Pitt guiding Behemoth" (No. 64), remains a marvel of imaginative grandeur.

R. E. N.

The Bachelor, the Budget, and Bohemia

AMERICA has decided to tax the bachelor. Straightway up goes the cry on this side that we should do likewise. Here is a new source of revenue for Mr. Lloyd George—one that will not cost the nation £6 or £7 for every sovereign he secures for the Exchequer. It is, we are told, a better economic expedient than the Land Tax, which has to be paid by the father of a family who is a householder, and it will stir up less passion because the great majority of the people are not bachelors. "Let us revert to the methods of ancient Sparta," is the injunction of one philosophic scribe. The bachelor, we are assured, is a selfish being; he lives for himself; he does not undertake to provide the State with the nucleus of a new generation; he does not contribute his full quota to the demand for boots and shoes; he shares none of the responsibilities and burdens which furrow the cheeks and whiten the hair of paterfamilias. All this is very plausible: it is also very superficial. *A priori* one would tax all bachelors, first because they do not apparently take up the burden which it is only reasonable the State should expect its manhood to shoulder, and secondly, because so many bachelors are such very fine specimens of their race, intellectually and physically, that they may be said to do their country wrong in not electing to give posterity a chance of equal distinction. Who shall say what is

lost to a nation when a Rhodes, a Kitchener, or a Balfour is content with single blessedness? As a matter of prejudice and acting strictly on first principles, the bachelor ought to be a special object of the tax-gatherer's attention. But prejudice and first principles are not trustworthy guides in such a matter. Let us look a little beyond the surface; let us break through the sentiment which always hedges this question round; let us ask who and what are the men who would be hit by any anti-bachelor crusade; and what do we find?

The best way to provide an answer would be to take our bachelor friends and inquire into their circumstances. For every dozen bachelors I know I could name at least two dozen married men among my friends and acquaintances. Of a dozen bachelors who come to my mind one is a peer and is certainly not prepared to live out his days alone; two are prosperous businessmen, one of whom has twice escaped the altar because the course of true love did not run smooth; a fourth is in the Church and his time will surely come; a fifth is on the stage and is doing very well for himself in a worldly sense; a sixth is a failure as an actor and is struggling to find some princely employment in commerce; two are first-rate artists whom the world has not yet appreciated at their worth; one is a poet, whose muse is never likely to relieve him of the necessity of coaching young ideas or making an occasional appeal to the charity of admiring friends; one is a journalist, and two are by way of being litterateurs. Now I venture to say that if most people will take stock of their bachelor friends they will find that the greater proportion of them are in one form or another engaged in art or letters, and probably making a more or less precarious livelihood with the assistance of the picture dealer and the editor or publisher who could do quite well without the bulk of their work. The euphemism that they are wedded to their art would fit the case of the majority of bachelors. How, indeed, some of them eke out existence at all is among the mysteries. Apart from the thousands who have entirely mistaken their vocation—and possibly would do badly in any profession—there are thousands more who know their art thoroughly and turn out good work, but never really "get there," in the popular and commercial sense. The chances are strong that the best work does not bring a competence; no work of real literature, no contribution to thought or learning, will give the returns which a popular but probably worthless novel will secure, and the men who hang on to the skirts of art and letters, either working for the sake of the work or in the too often vain belief that success must come some day, are the real bachelor army.

In one of the best of the philosophic asides of his "England in the Eighteenth Century," Lecky wrote: "It is certain that the higher forms of literature and science are as a rule unsupporting, that men of extraordinary abilities have spent the most useful and laborious lives in these pursuits without earning the barest competence, that many of the most splendid works of genius and many of the most fruitful and

conscientious researches are due to the men whose lives were passed between the garret and the sponging house, and who were reduced to a penury sometimes verging upon starvation." They are the men who in the main do not marry: the lives of such men are not selfish lives; some marry only to involve good women in their sufferings; many hope against hope that the day may come when they can enter the Courts of Hymen. They are the men who would be hardest hit by a tax on bachelors; they would be only too ready, with rare exceptions, to join the Benedicts and avoid the impost; and it is certain that any such tax would seriously aggravate the struggle to live of a large number of artists and authors whose only mistake has been to take up art or letters at all. A tax on bachelors would in the main, in my opinion, be a tax on art, on those who in a very special sense are bachelors of arts. The cynic might argue that, if such men were driven out altogether, the world of Bohemia, or what there is left of it, alone would suffer. But the cynic does not count. He is incapable of estimating the riches which have come of Bohemia in the past, and will come of it still, if its patient and devoted workers do not find a new enemy in some over-zealous Chancellor of the Exchequer.

E. S.

Notes for Collectors

OLD LONDON HOUSES

IT is a good many years since the eighteenth century lyrist put forth the far-flung question:—

What's not destroyed by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?

We can answer the late Mr. Branstons in one particular. There is an immense deal of the delightful buildings of his own date still standing in our pleasant city. If you wish to realise this at a glance, the book by Mr. Richardson and Mr. Lovett Gill, called "London Houses from 1660 to 1820" (Batsford), will whet your appetite and encourage you to search far afield for the beautifully proportioned, comfortably built homes of our ancestors.

One rather painful point about the otherwise admirable passion for antique furniture, china, plate, and so forth, which now ravages society, is that often, far too often, a really accomplished collector places the spoils of long years of labour in a totally unsuitable house.

Once having captured the old work your heart loves best, you should seek for the right environment in which to place it. Or perhaps "London Houses" will suggest to you that you should first catch your habitation and then collect to suit it. But the art of getting the right house and just the right things to put in it is a great adventure, and should be dreamed about for many a quiet afternoon before it is carried into the region of the practical life. So many old

houses that appear beautiful without must, of course, possess all sorts of faults within—so many, in fact, that we are inclined to agree with those masters of craft who take a fine house, say, for example, such a one as may be found in King's Bench Walk—designed by Wren about 1677—and rebuild the inner part as far as possible after the original plans, keeping whatever work is of æsthetic value.

Now that so complete a study has been made of every part of the seventeenth and eighteenth century houses in town, there need be no difficulty, except expense, in remaking your dwelling, with its old outside walls, at once as beautiful and far more comfortable than it was when originally built.

But in the days when old houses were pulled down without thought for the various finely designed details they contained, many collections were made of knockers, fan-lights, door locks and handles, and so forth, and these can still often be obtained at very small prices, although with the growth of taste in this direction they will greatly increase in value.

Such books as this of Mr. Richardson and Mr. Gill, with its many valuable drawings and photographs, will do much to help the collector in this connection, but it is only by original observation and personal search that he will come upon fresh examples of eighteenth century decoration in London houses.

E. M.

Some Magazines

THERE is much of interest in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. Mr. Francis Gribble writes on Denis Diderot in view of the bicentenary of his birth. It is a little unfortunate that Mr. Gribble, in such a periodical, should so continually revert to unnecessarily cheap language; but his article is informative and appropriate. Mr. Darrell Figgis writes on "Some Recent Notable Novels." Reviews of this kind recall the days when the *Nineteenth Century* made it part of its business to notice the worthier part of current literature; and, indeed, that is in the course of the strict function of a review. We have always contended that the more important reviews are unwisely neglectful of the literature of their own day, instead of being in some way a guide to it. Miss Macnaughten discusses "Humour," and wisely says that Bergson's well-known essay on "Laughter" has less reference to humour than to the intellectual sense of the comic. It is, indeed, the philosophical counterpart of Meredith's "Comic Spirit"; and, turning from that, Miss Macnaughten aptly shows how the sense of the humorous changes with time, place and rank. Mr. J. M. Kennedy, in "What the Workmen Think," very justly points out that workmen know full well that Liberal policy has always been, and designedly been, against their interests, and in the interests of its plutocratic supporters; with the obvious corollary that their vote is waiting for the Conservative Party if that party

would once arouse itself to recognise the natural alliance that exists, that has always existed, between the true aristocrat and the working-man. It is easy to disagree with many of Mr. Kennedy's conclusions; but his diagnosis is in the main a very true one.

In the *Fortnightly* a fascinating article by M. Henri Fabre, not very precisely entitled "My Relations with Darwin," deals with some experiments on the sense of place in bees; exhaustively carried out, they establish quite effectually that this sense is due to other than purely physical causes. Mr. P. P. Howe writes on "Mr. Galsworthy as a Dramatist," and the article is quite the best of his series on living English dramatists. He justly points out that Galsworthy's people are generally only postulates in a case to be demonstrated; but he strangely misses the further fact that the case to be demonstrated is generally ruined by the foolishness or insignificance of the postulates. That is chiefly noticeable in "The Fugitive," a play that was produced too late to be included. Dr. Georg Brandes and M. Maurice Maeterlinck are the most distinguished contributors to the number. The former writes a fantasy in which "Don Quixote and Hamlet" meet one another, and discuss Denmark together. The latter continues his essay on "Life After Death."

The *Contemporary Review* is an excellent number. Sir William Barrett, under the title of "The Marginal Regions of Science," deals with Sir Oliver Lodge's presidential address to the British Association. Sir William Barrett is a clear thinker, and his article should be read. Mr. Darrell Figgis deals with "Francis Thompson," and bases his article on the desire to explain the antinomy between the seen and the unseen that marks nearly all Thompson's poetry, "the challenge of opposing laws that was being called in his mind." In this way the growth from the first volume of "Poems" to the later austerity of the "New Poems" is indicated in the striving and development of Thompson's own personality. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in "Eugenics and Genius," makes the same mistake that the eugenicists themselves do in the subject he attacks. That Tennyson's trances were epileptic of nature would seem to us an unavoidable conclusion, and whatever the immediate cause inducing them may have been, Napoleon's fits seem to us of that character, in spite of anything Mr. Ellis may say; although both may elude certain rigorous meanings of the term. But it is just these things that elude categories that trip up the eugenicist wherever he turns. An article difficult to describe, but well worth reading, is Mr. Paul Monckton's "Some Quaint Tenures."

In the *English Review* this month Mr. Arnold Bennett continues his *apologia pro labor suo* under the title of "The Artist and the Public." Mr. Bennett has sometimes been compared to Trollope, and he certainly goes out of his way to maintain that likeness by telling us all about himself in his work. There is much of this independent humour in the article, but there is not less substantial common sense. It is, of

course, undeniable that every writer is ambitious for a large audience, though it is equally true that with some (we were about to say many) this is chiefly the wish that the thing they have to say may be widely received. With Meredith this was so, and the distinction is a proper one. Miss Florence Fidler writes on "The Position of Women under the Hammurabi Code."

The *British Review* this month has some good articles on the literary side, where it is usually weak. Mr. Padraic Colum deals with "The Celtic Nationality of Ireland." He writes eloquently and authoritatively. The way in which, due to past oppression, Celtic names in Ireland have been dropped for their Saxon meanings, and, parallel to it, Gaelic words have been altered by English inhabitants without a facility for speech other than their own, has disguised much of the racial configuration of Ireland; and Mr. Padraic Colum treats this competently. It is a most interesting article. Mr. Robert Lynd considers "The Critic as Destroyer." Mr. Lynd is one of the sanest and most discriminating of our critics. His argument is that we should be rid of the fear of destructive criticism since, though it is the business of criticism to praise, the praise should be the praise of literature. Mr. Lynd's is, indeed, a careful article, and there is the wisdom of restraint in what he says. But he is inclined to forget that destructive criticism in London to-day is generally destruction in the interest of some one of the literary coteries, with petulance superadded; and it is not easy to find blame that has not that kind of unction about it. Mr. Algernon Blackwood has a story in the same number, and Mr. E. L. C. Watson deals with the cause of the trouble on the Rand under the title, "The Breaking Strain: A Study of Labour on the Rand." It is an article that should be widely read.

The *Cornhill* begins a good number with a poem by Browning that has hitherto remained unpublished, entitled "Epps." It is very characteristic, though it does not add to Browning's achievement. The most interesting article is by Dr. Frederika Macdonald on "Charlotte Brontë's Professor." Dr. Macdonald herself met M. Heger: was, indeed, a pupil of his; and she describes him and his ways. In this way the contribution is one of the utmost importance to Brontë students. Bishop Frodsham writes of the customs of the Australian Aborigines under the title, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," and relates many of their stories, which, as they tell, originally came to them in sleep.

The *Hibbert Journal* has its usual imposing list of subjects. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt outlines the programme to be adopted by "The Progressive Party." One does not expect Mr. Roosevelt to mince matters, and he declares his opinion of men and matters with no lack of directness. Considering that Mr. Taft was originally his nominee for the Presidency, what he has to say of Mr. Taft might perhaps be considered as carrying frankness to a slight excess; but the article is an important one, and might even be considered as "history-making." Sir Frederick Pollock considers a subject that has increasing importance each year in

"The Relation of Mystic Experience to Philosophy." The title well defines the paper, which does not, however, do much more than skirt the fringe of the subject. Another important essay is by Mr. Charles E. Ozzanne, on "The Significance of 'Non-evidential Material' in Psychical Research." Unfortunately, the *Hibbert Journal* very rarely touches literary subjects. It would greatly widen its range of interest if it were to do so.

In the *Quest* Dr. James Hyslop writes with learning and interest on "The Supernormal," which, indeed, may be considered the special interest of this paper. One extremely interesting study is by Count Arrigo Manza de' Neri on "The Once Secret Scriptures of the Yezidis, the So-called Devil-Worshippers of Kurdistan." Mr. Sukumar Ray, as a disciple of his, has a special competence (and also, from another point of view, a special incompetence) to write of "The Spirit of Rabindranath Tagore." We yield to none in our admiration of Mr. Tagore's work, to say nothing of the high things for which he so nobly stands; but we suggest that he is inclined to become too much of a cult for his influence to be properly felt. Yet the article is worth reading. Mr. Savell Hicks has an admirable article on "The Moral Aspects of Psychical Research."

Mr. Tagore is also the subject of a study in the *Dublin Review*, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale. But the most interesting contribution deals with "Charles Peguy," and is by Lady Ashbourne. M. Peguy, as the editor of the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, is a most influential figure to-day, besides being the author of some quite remarkable books; and it is well to have this article dealing with his work. *Studies*, which describes itself as "an Irish Quarterly Review," is an interesting number. The best thing in it is by Katharine Tynan on "The Poet of the Dargo." The *Irish Review*, under its new editorship, continues on much the same lines as those established by Mr. Padraic Colum, and it will do well to continue so. The present number is not so representative as it might be, but it is an excellent six-pennyworth nevertheless.

The *Journal of the Gipsy-Lore Society* (whose headquarters are at 21a, Alfred Street, Liverpool) devotes the whole of an extremely interesting number to "The Gipsy Coppersmiths," with particular reference to their invasion of England in 1911.

The *Quarterly Review* for October contains political articles bearing on the financial difficulties of Federalism, the necessary expansion of the Navy to meet the requirements of a world-wide Empire, and the policy to be followed by Unionists with respect to Land Reform and Agriculture. Lord Cromer contributes a paper on Indian taxation and educational proposals. Social questions are treated in articles on Heredity and Environment, on Profit-sharing, and on Forestry in England and abroad. History is represented by essays on Shelburne and Windham, India before the Battle of Plassey, and the Napoleonic campaign of 1813. Other papers in a varied number discuss certain eccentricities of recent political economists, describe (with vivid

extracts from contemporary authorities) the life and habits of the Troubadours, and analyse the charm of Lady Shelley's fascinating letters and journals.

The October number of *Science Progress*, which is now under the editorship of Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B., F.R.S., begins with a leading article calling attention to the facts that science has now become the premier industry of the world, and that its business affairs require attention. Sir Oliver Lodge discusses the elemental nature of radium. There is a mathematical study of the movements of aeroplanes, and a long analysis of the question of geological time by Mr. Shelton. Dr. Mott gives a profusely illustrated and very interesting article on "Nature and Nurture in Mental Development"; and there are technical studies on the Piltdown Skull, Heredity, and Optical Activity. Sir Harry Johnston discusses his method of international spelling for geographical and other purposes, and the Editor makes a curious suggestion that English spelling may be reformed by the introduction of the acute accent without any other change.

The *Windsor Magazine* has its usual long list of good features: in verse, pictures, stories and articles this number is exceptionally fine. "Impressions of London," apparently both written and illustrated by Harry Furniss, is a most amusing paper. *Harper's Magazine* has a thoughtful article "On Christianising the Eskimos," by V. Stefansson, which exhibits in a remarkable manner the mind of the people he knows so well. The "converts" of whom the missionaries boast "tell as many lies and steal as frequently as ever, but"—saving clause—"they don't work on Sunday." The other contributions are, in their way, as good.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

MR. CHURCHILL'S OFFER

THE reception accorded by the German Press to Mr. Churchill's renewed suggestion of a naval holiday renders it a foregone conclusion that no such idea will be entertained in official circles. Without exception, the Berlin newspapers meet the offer of the First Lord of the Admiralty with suspicion and ridicule, and we note with regret that there is a disposition in certain influential organs of the Press in England to re-echo sentiments of a similar nature. In immoderate language Mr. Churchill is roundly accused by the Germans of trying to perpetuate a swindle upon them. The swindle is supposed to consist in his reservation concerning the three Canadian Dreadnoughts and possible developments in the Mediterranean. These reservations, declares the *Berlin Post*, savour of the generosity of the burglar who places his revolver in his left pocket and takes another from his right pocket. Thereupon a section of the British Press, to which we have already made allusion, thunders that it is high time England ceased to expose herself to rebuffs and

continue building without regard to other people's affairs. Now, it is quite clear that both the English and the German points of view here referred to are based upon an inexcusable misinterpretation of Mr. Churchill's words. "We recognise," he said, "that it would not be possible for either Germany or ourselves, even if we were agreed between each other, to stand still for a whole year unless other Powers could be persuaded to do likewise. So that, if such an agreement were reached between us, it could only be an agreement contingent upon the result of our negotiations with other Great Powers."

What, then, Mr. Churchill proposed was that England and Germany should take the lead in persuading the whole world to enjoy a year's naval holiday, and rightly he remarked that, whether or not such initiative met with immediate success, the mere fact that it had been set in motion would exercise a beneficial effect. The verbatim report of his speech contains no reservations such as those which are alleged against him. His only reference to the Canadian ships or developments in the Mediterranean was simply to record the fact that, these considerations apart, Great Britain would build four ships to Germany's two. Obviously, as the Minister responsible for making the first overture from one great country towards another in so delicate a matter as the limitation of naval armaments, he went as far as could reasonably have been expected, and his suggestion certainly paved the way for sensible discussion rather than for cheap ridicule of the character we have indicated.

That his honesty should be suspected at so early a stage is a melancholy reflection upon Teutonic capacity for calm reasoning in regard to naval controversy. For it is hard to believe that the most difficult step, the initiative, having been taken by Great Britain, German diplomacy, given its own way without the interference of an excitable Press, could not prove equal to the task of negotiating an agreement such as would ensure fair dealing.

As we have already seen, the British Government on its side is prepared for any agreement being contingent upon the conclusion of like understandings with other Powers. With reference to the Canadian ships, these are at present in embryo. But doubtless on that subject also some arrangement might be arrived at rather than that the proposal should fall to the ground. After all, the point at issue is a simple one. Great Britain declares that she is satisfied with her present margin of superiority. She does not conceal that it is her intention at any cost to maintain this margin of superiority. Other Powers, therefore, are attempting the impossible when they seek to overtake her position. If the Germans view Mr. Churchill's offer as too ambiguous in its present form let them remember that it is merely an attempt to make the first practical move. Rather than cast doubts upon his sincerity surely the wiser policy would be not only to state their fears frankly, but to express their willingness to accept some form of agreement that would remove these fears. The sug-

gestion thrown out in some quarters that Great Britain would not honourably fulfil the obligations of any arrangement arrived at exhibits nothing short of ignorant distrust. Let us conceive, for the sake of argument, the rigid lines of an agreement, such as that which we have in mind. Great Britain pledges to Germany and the whole world that she will not add to her navy a single Dreadnought during the period of a year—that is to say, she will not build, acquire, or accept as a gift a ship of this class—and in return she receives a similar pledge from all the Great Powers without exception. In the face of a solemn obligation given and received on these lines, do the Germans seriously believe that before the whole world, rivals and friends alike, England would by surreptitious means attempt to steal a march on the nations by adding a Dreadnought to her navy?

We certainly have nothing to reproach ourselves with in that we have extended the olive branch. If the forces of ignorant suspicion compel the refusal of our offer, then we can only conclude that German civilisation is more backward than our own. To the superficial taunt that we are feeling the pinch of armament expenditure Mr. Churchill has replied with facts and figures that prove the exact contrary. Can Germany on her part produce similar evidence of freedom from financial embarrassment in this respect?

MOTORING

STILL another petrol substitute has made its appearance. The new fuel is called "Economin," and it is said to consist of 80 per cent. of kerosene, with "an admixture of certain powerful chemical ingredients which reduce the former to a perfect emulsion, and, after distillation, yield a very efficient motor spirit." The usual claims to greater power, freedom from carbon deposit, and cheapness to the consumer, are made. It is stated that ample capital for the commercial development of "Economin" has been provided, and that it is intended to erect without delay the necessary buildings for the housing of a plant capable of turning out 20,000,000 gallons per annum. Doubtless, however, we shall have in due course intimation of a contemplated appeal to the speculating public for funds to exploit adequately the new discovery.

Referring to remarks in a recent issue with regard to the abolition of legal limits upon the speed of motor-cars, it is gratifying (and somewhat surprising) to note that the most influential of the organs of the purely motoring Press is sufficiently in agreement with the views expressed in these columns at any rate to question the wisdom of abolishing speed limits. In a leading article in the current issue, *The Motor* says:—"We are not at all sure whether motorists should be greatly indebted to the *Daily Mail* for taking up so strongly the advocacy of the abolition of the speed limit. Under

the law, as it is at present, considerable latitude in the matter of speed is allowed. Very rarely do the police take action unless twenty-six miles per hour is exceeded. The point to consider is whether a speed limit does or does not act as a deterrent to excessive (and dangerous) speed by reason of the feeling of uncertainty which it engenders when temptations arise that might be taken advantage of but for—possibilities! In other words, does the speed limit act as a public safeguard, and will motorists really be in a better position without it? Much has been said about the better conditions existing in France. The question arises, when our roads are compared with theirs, should we be any better off than we are now if we adopted their methods? We retain an open mind on the subject at present. It seems to us that this is a question, if ever there was one, upon which individual motorists should give an opinion. If and when the Motor Car Act is amended the speed limit will have to be either (1) maintained as it is at twenty miles per hour, (2) altered, or (3) abolished. Which is it to be?"

In connection with this speed limit question, it is to be noted that one of the commonest arguments used by the abolitionists is that the speed limit is a dead letter because it is habitually exceeded by practically every motorist. But while it is perfectly true that there is probably no car-driver in existence who has not on occasion considerably exceeded 20 m.p.h.—electing, in so doing, to run whatever risk of a fine there might be—it is certain that the mere knowledge that a legal limit exists acts as a powerful deterrent to excessive speed. The immediate result of the removal of all restrictions would be the liberation of a horde of "road hogs," who, freed from any considerations of fines and endorsements or cancellation of licences, would tear along the roads at express speed and reduce the country-side to a state of abject terror. Whether this state of affairs would be beneficial to motorists as a body, to say nothing of the general public, can hardly be open to discussion.

So far as concerns the *reasonable* motorist—and it is only with regard to him that any amendment of the Motor Car Act should be contemplated—the question arises as to what grievances, if any, he suffers from under the existing state of affairs, and to what extent are they remediable, always having due consideration for the safety and convenience of the general public. At present the motorist is allowed to travel on the highways of the country at a maximum speed, nominally, of 20 miles per hour. It is beyond question that this limit is frequently both irksome and unnecessary, conditions often arising when a considerably higher speed can be indulged in with safety. But, as *The Motor* admits, considerable latitude is already allowed by the authorities almost everywhere, and it is very rarely indeed that action is taken unless 26 m.p.h. is exceeded, except, of course, in areas where specially reduced limits are in force. The contention of the present writer is that the roads of this country, as they exist at present, are essentially unsuitable for very high

speeds, and that in the circumstances the reasonable motorist should be content to travel at not more than, say, 30 miles an hour, even on the open road. If the existing maximum of 20 m.p.h. were altered to 30, along with a rigid enforcement of reduced limits through towns and villages, it is as much as the motorist ought at present to expect. R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

LAST week was one of unusual depression, and this week we have been moderately happy—the usual law of action and reaction, but pleasant all the same. The “bears” rather overdid the selling, and when they found that little or no stock came out they decided to buy back. The “bear” is a cautious person. He seldom goes for a long run. As soon as he found the liquidation at an end he promptly bought back. I do not think that the public has been buying stock. The investor has become completely nervous. He has seen all the wonderful securities that were to pay him such magnificent interest tumble week after week, and his confidence has gone. He has lost heart, and will not buy even the soundest stocks.

New issues go very badly indeed. There is a story going round that the underwriters have combined together to refuse all new issues. I think that this tale may be taken with a pinch of salt. Underwriters are in the City to make money. If issues go they scramble for their share. When they don't go there is no more reluctant person than the underwriter. All the big houses have their lists, and it is usually a satisfactory thing to be on the list of a big banking firm. But of late it has turned into an expensive luxury. One underwriter went out of town when he heard that a new loan was being issued. He did not want to refuse, and he dare not take his usual slice, so he ran away—for the time being.

The St. Petersburg Loan seems a reasonable security. Indeed, I can see no fault to find with the issue, for the Russian Government would never allow any financial worries to interfere with its capital city. In Russia the Government acts as parent and guardian. The Czar is father both in name and deed.

The City of North Battleford, with a population of under 6,000, has had the impudence to offer £103,100 5½ per cent. Debentures at 95. Canadians now in London are ashamed of such barefaced finance on the part of Canadian villages. They bring Canada into disrepute, and one remembers Mr. Horne Payne's serious warnings in connection with municipal borrowings.

The Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. have offered £199,500 6 per cent. Debts at 98. These bonds rank after the Five per cent. First Mortgage Bonds, but as the profits of the company have been over a million dollars a year for the past three years they seem a reasonable speculation. The Western Canada Mortgage Co. offered £300,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds at 94, guaranteed by the Western Canada Land. The yield is 5½ per cent., which I do not consider enough, for if we get any further slump in Canadian Land the margin might easily run off.

NAPIER

In reference to the famous Alpine trial recently completed by a

30-35 h.p. 6-Cylinder NOISELESS NAPIER

under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, we give a few typical Press extracts on this 2,106 miles test which included nearly 70,000 feet of Alpine climbing.

“THE TEST TREMENDOUS.”—*The Sketch*.

“AN HEROIC TRIAL.”—*The Bystander*.

“It constitutes a record both for the Club and for British Cars.”—*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 9.

“No car has ever been subjected to a trial of such severity, and the Napier firm deserve every congratulation on the completely successful issue.”—*Army and Navy Gazette*, Oct. 11.

“A great seal upon the past performances of the Napier as a vehicle of power and pace, of efficiency and economy.”—*Autocar*, Oct. 11.

“The cars that can equal this performance are still to be found, probably still to be made.”
Westminster Gazette, Oct. 14.

“As a test of a new model this storming of the Alps may be said to be truly unique and singularly successful. It cannot fail to sustain on the continent the high prestige in which the British cars are justly held.”—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Oct. 10.

“Reads more like a page from Wonderland than a prosaic narrative of actual achievement.”
Outlook, Oct. 11.

“A notable motor-car trial.”—*Times*, Oct. 14.

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MONEY would appear to be a shade easier. Gold is coming in from the Argentine and Brazil. Egypt has taken all she wants, or at any rate has arranged for her needs, and I believe that we shall get through the year without any further rise in the Bank Rate. There is much more confidence in the City, and the tone is better all round. Paris appears the only spot in which danger threatens, and for the past few days the French bankers have been more confident.

FOREIGNERS are gradually recovering from the shock of last week. No real trouble is expected in the Balkans. Those who know Greece best laugh at the idea of another war, and the squabble between Austria and Serbia is hardly likely to result in a breach of the peace. But we must not expect any important rise in foreign securities. The numberless loans promised to the Balkan States have yet to be issued. Austria-Hungary is perpetually in the market selling bills, and Turkey needs huge sums, which she is not likely to get except on the most onerous terms. The outlook is not good. It has improved for the moment, and Paris may keep her market hard for some weeks, but another relapse seems certain. The news from Brazil is better at the moment, but the crisis has not passed. "Bears" have sold the Brazil scrip to 8 discount, and they have been buying back, but those who know Brazil best are uneasy. In Mexico the position is growing steadily worse, and I again urge my readers to get out of all Mexican securities.

HOME RAILS are again coming into favour. The latest story to be revived is the tale that the Great Western will purchase the Metropolitan Railway. Sooner or later some one or other of the big trunk lines will no doubt purchase this useful piece of road. But the secret is well kept. The District would like the Inner Circle, and should be able to outbid its competitors. Everyone would be glad to see this deal go through, as it would improve transit facilities all over London. But the Met. does not like its vigorous rival, and will only sell under compulsion. When the Bakerloo opens to Paddington the competition will increase. The South Western is also talked of as a possible purchaser, but this does not strike me as probable.

YANKEES, having touched a low level, now look like going better. The rates on some of the Western roads have been raised, and this will help a group of railways that sorely need a spurt. Wabash, Missouri, and Rock Island are three of the most poverty-stricken lines in the U.S., and an advance in rates will be a blessing—if it has not come too late. Business may not be good in the United States, but it is not as bad as the "bears" make out. Steels may go lower because the Government is determined to press on its suit and dissolve the Steel Trust, and also because prices have again been cut. But I do not see any further fall in Union or Southern Pacifics. The latter, indeed, appear to me undervalued. The latest news from the cotton belt is not good, and this may have a bad effect upon Southern, but on the whole I think Yankees will improve.

RUBBER shares are the dullest market in the Stock Exchange. The real leaders, such as Mr. Lampard and Mr. Hamilton, decline to join the movement for artificially raising the price of rubber, and at the auctions the promised rise did not materialise. Such reports as have appeared are not encouraging, and the rubber shareholder is now getting out of Linggis, Vallambrosas, Highlands and Malaccas, all of which are much too high, and exchanging into Kuala Selangor, Pataling, Cicely, and Federated Selangor.

OIL.—The rise in Red Seas came at last and we are told that Shells were buying. This I do not believe. I am inclined to think the whole thing a pretty little rig, and I should advise my readers to take advantage of the price and get out. The last story about Premiers is that the shares are to be written down to 5s., and a million new shares are to be created; these will be taken by the German group, who now hold most of the preferred, which are to remain at 20s. nominal. Shells look strong, and may rise. But Kerns have been weak. The Santa Maria rig is now dying down; no one should hold these shares, which are much over-valued. I think that North Caucasians might also be sold with advantage.

MINES.—There has been more good buying of Chartered. The tale of Yankees having taken big blocks of land in Rhodesia is probably mere moonshine, but the fact that Chartered are to be put up is not in question—a rise of a few shillings is almost a certainty. The Globe and Phoenix squabble drags its dreary course, and frankly Londoners are disgusted. The Scottish shareholders got all they asked for, and yet are not satisfied. I hear that the mine looks well. Diamonds are very weak—some big "bulls" have been unloading. In the Tin market Tronohs are dull. There is not much to go for in Kaffirs, but the tone is much better. Copper shares have also improved. Hampdens seem to be going ahead again, but I am told that it is wise to get out of Pahangs.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Brazil Traction and all the rest of the Latin-Canadian group are very weak, and sellers come in on each rise. There is trouble with all the Pearson companies. Barcelona Trams, which were marked up some months ago, have slumped badly the past month. The Rover report was admirable. A magnificent profit has been made by this excellently managed concern. All the motor companies have had a splendid year. I hear that Straker Squire will shortly be offered to the public—the profits are from £11,000 to £13,000 a year, and the capital £100,000. Canadian Marconi report was most disappointing, and the shares fell to 9s. 6d. There has been further buying of Breweries, but Iron and Steel shares have been sold. The dividend on Mexican ordinary was bad, and the ordinary slumped, but they are still too high.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We should be grateful if you would allow us to draw attention through your columns to the Children's Theatre, which, during the Christmas holidays, will present plays for children, played by children. In order to inaugurate this new movement the promoters have arranged a series of Children's Theatre Tea Parties, which will be open to the public. The first of these will be held on October 25, from three o'clock to six, at Queen's Gate Hall, Harrington Road, South Kensington. Two children's ballets will be performed, one designed and taught by a little girl; these will be followed by wordless plays, whistling solos, and solo dances by children. There will also be a selection of Greek dances. Tickets for the Tea Party, and all information concerning the Children's Theatre, can be obtained from Mrs. Percy Dearmer, 7, Elsworth Road, N.W. Yours faithfully,

October 14, 1913.

MABEL DEARMER.
NETTA SYRETT.